

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL 48 NO 8
AUGUST 1961
Lessons for November



Brief Interim

Alberta H. Christensen

There is no tumult now, for summer falls
On lane and meadow like a muted song.
Only a brief surrendering to peace—
To flowering stem, to cadences of sound,
Soft as a chanting bee, clear as the cry
Of a startled quail in the myrtle leaves.

Only a sense of oneness with the earth —
With trellised vine, the daisy-whitened hill;
With transient shadow-lace where beauty weaves
A web of dream in grasses warm with sun.
Only a new awareness of the sky,
Its nimbus cloud repeated in the stream.

Brief interim, serene and blossom-frail,
Mantle with petals every scar of grief;
Be the heart's wanted rest, its weld of faith
Against the winter night — the orphaned leaf.

The Cover: Provo River, Utah, With Mount Timpanogos in the Background
Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Summertime in Vermont
Photograph by Eva Luoma

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From Near and Far

The Relief Society Magazine is wonderful. I truly love to read every word in it. Everything gives me uplifting thoughts, whether it be spiritual, through the wonderful lessons, stories, and poems, or the practical advice on everyday living. I very much enjoyed the "International Singing Mothers Concert Tour" (by President Belle S. Spafford, in May). The Magazine speaks to the mothers in the Lord's Church and helps them in their special duties. And what does it mean for me, a young girl? It strengthens my testimony that the Relief Society is truly an inspired organization that helps me to keep my thoughts clean and influences my daily actions for the better.

—Hildegard Teuscher
Hamburg, Germany

We here in our branch and district treasure the knowledge we have of the gospel, but are ever eager to learn more from day to day. Personally, I find *The Relief Society Magazine* a treasure chest of delightful reading. The lessons given through the medium of the Magazine are a sheer joy. I am a registered nurse still practicing my profession. Nevertheless, I do think the nursing course as given in the Magazine (1960-61) is excellent. What a wealth of information these lessons contain for every housewife and mother — and father, too, for I know several fathers who read *The Relief Society Magazine* with extreme interest.

—Frances A. Katene
Porirua, New Zealand

For quite awhile I have been receiving copies of *The Relief Society Magazine* from my dear friend Mrs. F. Flicks of Raymond, Alberta, Canada. I have been very interested in these Magazines, especially in the poetry. I can assure you I have found comfort in the readings, as I live alone, and the different messages seem to have been particularly sent to me to give me courage to carry on. These messages travel far.

—Mrs. S. A. Thornton
Salford
Lancaster, England

I would like a subscription to our wonderful Magazine entered in the name of my daughter Mrs. Marcia White. She is celebrating her first wedding anniversary this month, and I can't think of anything finer to give her than a subscription to the Magazine. My own dear mother gave me my first subscription twenty-three years ago, the first year I was married. I would like to make it a family tradition. I especially enjoy the lovely covers in color, and I always read the poetry first. I enjoyed the frontispiece poem in the April issue "Too Swift the Curve," by Eva Willes Wangsgaard. It is delightful.

—Mrs. MaDonna N. Lemon
Roosevelt, Utah

During a grief and pain-filled period three years ago, a very dear friend Mrs. Arthur Martin of Salina, Utah, started sending me *The Relief Society Magazine*. It was very new and strange to me. At first, the little stories and beautiful cover designs attracted my interest — then the recipes and sewing sections. Each time I picked up the Magazine I found new and varied things of interest. I began reading the lessons, trying to understand them, but, without a reference book to use as a guide, I was a bit lost. Finally, the past summer, two elders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to my door. I obtained *The Book of Mormon*. Since then the lessons in the Magazine have become more clarified. I have read *The Book of Mormon* from cover to cover and am still enjoying *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Mrs. Wallace Jaka
Ottawa, Illinois

Our ward has a wonderful mother, Mrs. Frances Kolarik. She doesn't know me very well, and yet she has given me a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine* as a gift for two years. Now this little Magazine gives me uplift and comfort in my spiritual life. It also gives me faith in the future and in the spirit of our home.

—Terttu Voskressensky
Los Angeles, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Hugh B. Brown—of The First Presidency

Marba C. Josephson

Associate Managing Editor, *The Improvement Era*

TO the Church generally and to non-Church members, the name and person of President Hugh B. Brown have come to signify greatness. This greatness is not alone from his striking personality but also from his greatness of character which shines from him, even in repose, and fairly blinds those who see him in action. He is a silvery tongued orator, who has the advantage of being a clear, direct thinker, one who lets his heart as well as his brain direct what he says. President Brown himself wrote: "Men live best when they neither deny themselves the verdict of the head nor the intimations of the heart, but seek a working harmony of both."

His life of activity in the Church has been long and noteworthy. From the time he filled a mission to Great Britain in 1904 to 1906, he has been kept busy in Church assignments. He served as bishop's counselor, high councilman, counselor in a stake presidency, stake president in both Lethbridge (Canada) and Granite (Salt Lake City) Stakes, and as British Mission president from 1937 to 1940 and again from 1942 to 1946. Concurrently he served from 1942 to 1946 as coordinator for the Latter-day Saint servicemen. Following his return from Great Britain in 1946, President Brown became a member of

the faculty at Brigham Young University, where he taught until 1950. In 1953 Elder Brown was selected an Assistant to the Twelve. On April 6, 1958, he was called to the Council of the Twelve. He is rounding out his Church service as a member of the First Presidency, to which exalted position he was appointed June 22, 1961.

A born administrator, a real executive, he became noted for the organization and execution of his assignments. All learned to revere him and to love him.

Like Nephi of old, President Brown can say he "was born of goodly parents. . . ." They did not have riches as the world counts them, but they had wealth of the spirit, which they imparted in rich abundance to their fourteen children, all of whom lived to maturity.

Hugh B. Brown's mother was Lydia J. Brown, daughter of James S. Brown of Mormon Battalion fame. She expected much of her children, gave them her full confidence, and was usually rewarded by their devotion and their exemplary conduct.

Born on Redwood Road near 39th South, Salt Lake City, Utah, young Hugh early learned the value of hard work. The second son and the fifth child of the family, he knew what it was to rise early to pick fruit, milk cows, and do farm



PRESIDENT HUGH B. BROWN

ZINA YOUNG CARD BROWN
Wife of President Brown

chores from sunup to sundown. Hugh B. Brown also learned to shoulder additional responsibility when his father and his older brother left the farm to try their fortunes in Canada.

For two years Hugh helped his mother and the younger family members direct the work on the farm. Then the family journeyed to Canada to join the father and older brother. It was probably during this time that Hugh felt particularly close to his mother—a relationship that persisted throughout the years until her death, June 3, 1935. He has stated on many occasions that she was the greatest character he has ever known. And surely she must have been—to bear fourteen children—the last one in Canada—under all the rigors of a strenuous pioneer life. His father also was a man to be admired: diligent, faithful, hard working. He was a patriarch of Granite Stake when he

passed away on February 1, 1936, at the home of his son Hugh in Salt Lake City.

IN his own family life, President Brown has striven to cement what God joined in the Salt Lake Temple, June 17, 1908, when he took as his wife Zina Young Card, the sweetheart of his youth. To their home came six lovely daughters and two handsome sons. President Brown's devotion to his wife as well as to his parents set the example to his family to "Honour thy father and thy mother. . . ."

In 1958 when Brother and Sister Brown were to tour the European Mission, their joy extended to include three of their daughters who accompanied them. As his daughter Mary Firmage stated, it was a highlight of their lives—not only to travel with their parents, not only to see the countries of Europe, but also to see the devotion of their

father and mother and experience the tenderness with which they treated each other after fifty years of marriage. But this trip was nothing new—so far as travel was concerned. Zola Hodson, another daughter, states: "We children have such happy memories of the family trips together. They were not hurried, for we enjoyed everything as we went along. I remember one day we saw a huge turtle in the road as we were traveling, and Daddy stopped and picked it up, made a crate for it, and carried it with us on the rest of the trip."

President Brown and his wife Zina have practiced the art of courtship throughout their married life. On special occasions such as on Zina's birthday or Mother's Day, President Brown will place on a breakfast tray a single rose—red roses are his favorite for his sweetheart — and will carry it to Zina's bed—a token of his undying love. The first rose of his garden has always been for his wife. And the wife of his youth, the light of his life, has rewarded him with encouragement in the face of discouragement, with faith in his abilities, and with complete devotion in her service to him. She stands at the door to blow a farewell kiss to him as he leaves for his duties of the day, and he always turns to "catch it." She takes extra time to "primp" a little before his return.

Home evenings were made much of in the Brown household, according to Zola. Singing around the piano, faith-promoting stories, and the fun of being together as a family made home nights long to be remembered. When the gas was

turned low in the grate, the family would beg their father for a story. And he would point out the dogs and cats and witches racing across the low flames as he spun his tales. Often he would say, "This reminds me of the time the purple cow got caught on the point of the new moon," and they would be off again.

FOR one who had such keen concern for his family when they were young, he has heeded the advice he has given others: "In-laws get off the boat" (HUGH B. BROWN, *You and Your Marriage*, page 138). He is still equally concerned, but his advice is given in such a manner that, as his daughter Mary said, "You would think it was your own conclusion that was reached," which, of course, it is. That is the kind of leader President Brown has always been — in Church assignments as well as in his family relationships—gently but knowingly leading others to reach their own conclusions.

There was one occasion that was particularly difficult for him because Brother Brown had foresight and knew the outcome from the beginning. His namesake, Hugh, told his father at the outbreak of World War II that he felt he should go back to England, where he had served a mission, and join the Royal Air Force to help protect the people whom he had learned to love. With a full heart, President Brown recognized his son's choice and gave him a father's blessing. He knew at the time that Hugh was going to his death, which occurred in 1942.

A family man, President Brown has also been a public man: a

teacher, an officer in the Canadian army, an attorney both in Canada and in the United States. In these positions he has worked closely with people. And they have been stirred by "his great spiritual strength, his knowledge of, love for, and closeness to our Heavenly Father, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost," as his secretary of over seven years states. In every calling which he has occupied he has lived up to the convictions which he developed as a lad, encouraged by his father and mother to be a true Latter-day Saint.

Since his call to the leading councils of the Church, October 4, 1953, President Brown's offices have been open to those who have sought help, particularly in their marital relations. He has continued to be in constant demand for marriage counseling. His great heart and mind will continue to bless the distressed in all situations following his appointment as a member of the First Presidency. He has always recognized the human equation—and will continue to do so.

This brief tribute to President Brown could not end without mentioning one of the characteristics that has endeared him to the thousands who have been blessed with knowing him: It is his unfailing

sense of humor. It has probably helped him keep on an even keel when things have been darkest. With a twinkle in the eye and a smile on the lip, he has coined maxims that all would be better for knowing:

"Snap judgment, like a bear trap, may catch the one who baits it."

"Life is a journey, not a camp."

"It is no use trying to shine your lamp if you do not take time to fill it."

"The quality of one's intelligence may be related to his sense of humor."

"A used mind is one item that has more value than a new."

"Some of us do not need a bushel to hide our light; a thimble would suffice."

"Opportunity is always within the reach of the arm of preparation."

One of his aphorisms that President Brown lives by, is to "Take on mental nourishment every day." As a young law student, even then with a family to support, he arose at four o'clock in the morning to study; this has been his practice ever since—if he cannot get time during the day to stretch his mind with reading, he will use any hour of the twenty-four. He knows the value of study and reflects this value in all of his dealings in life.

White House Conference on Aging

President Belle S. Spafford

IN January 1961, the first White House Conference on Aging was called by the President of the United States in accordance with the provisions of the law passed by Congress in 1958. The law provided that the Conference should be planned and conducted by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare with the assistance of other departments and agencies represented on the Federal Council on Aging.

The purpose of the Conference was "to formulate recommendations for immediate action in improving and developing programs to permit the country to take advantage of the experience and skills of the older persons in our population, to create conditions which will better enable them to meet their needs, and to further research on aging."

The legislative Act providing for the Conference gave the following information: "The number of persons forty-five years of age and older in our population has increased from approximately thirteen and one-half million in 1900 to forty-nine and one-half million in 1957; and the number sixty-five years of age and over from approximately three million in 1900 to almost fifteen million at the present time, and is expected to reach twenty-one million by 1975." The Act further stated that:

... outmoded practices in the employment and compulsory premature retirement of middle-aged and older persons are depriving the economy of their much

needed experience, skill, and energy and, simultaneously, depriving many middle-aged and older persons of opportunity for gainful employment and an adequate standard of living. Many older persons do not have adequate financial resources to maintain themselves and their families as independent and self-respecting members of their communities, to obtain the medical and rehabilitation services required to permit them to function as healthy, useful members of society, and to permit them to enjoy the normal, human, social contacts.

Reference was made to our failure to provide adequate housing for elderly persons at costs which can be met by them, thus forcing many older persons to live under conditions in which they cannot maintain decency and health, or continue to participate in the organized life of the community. Mention was made of the lack of suitable facilities and opportunities in which middle-aged persons can learn how to prepare for the later years of life, learn new vocational skills, and develop and pursue avocational and recreational interests. This is driving many of our older persons into retirement shock, premature physical and mental deterioration, and loneliness and isolation, it was stated, causing an unnecessary drain on the health of our manpower.

In order to prevent the additional years of life, given to us by our scientific development and abundant economy, from becoming a prolonged period of dying, the statement was made that "we must step up research on physical, psychological, and sociological factors

in aging and in diseases common among middle-aged and older persons." We may expect the average length of life and the number of older people to increase still further. We must, therefore

. . . proceed with all possible speed to correct unfavorable conditions and to create a social, economic, and health climate which will permit our middle-aged and older people to continue to lead proud and independent lives which will restore and rehabilitate many of them to useful and dignified positions among their neighbors which will enhance the vigor and vitality of the communities and our total economy; and which will prevent further aggravation of their problems with resulting increased social, financial, and medical burdens.

IN planning for the Conference, the Honorable Arthur S. Fleming, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, appointed a national advisory committee of approximately 150 persons selected from many parts of the Nation, who were knowledgeable on problems of the aged and on programs related to the adequate care of the aged. This committee was to determine matters to be considered at the Conference, as well as Conference procedures. The Honorable Robert W. Kean was named chairman of the committee. Members of this committee, assigned to subcommittees, met periodically for a period of more than one year in preparation for the Conference.

Since it was recognized that most problems can best be solved by action at the state and local levels, each of the fifty states of the Union held, prior to the national Conference, a state conference on aging. These state conferences aimed to gather factual material related to

the aging; they defined issues; they formulated recommendations for meeting needs which were submitted to the White House Conference chairman.

The plans for the White House Conference called for the holding of nine separate sections, each to deal with a special aspect of aging, as follows: Section 1—Population Trends and Social and Economic Implications; Section 2—Health and Medical Care; Section 3—Social Services; Section 4—Housing; Section 5—Education; Section 6—The Role and Training of Professional Personnel; Section 7—Free-Time Activities: Recreation, Voluntary Services, Citizen Participation; Section 8—Religion; Section 9—Medical and Biological Research in Gerontology.

Each of the above listed sections conducted an orientation session followed by work groups. In the work groups the recommendations of the respective states were carefully reviewed, discussed, and out of the discussions carefully formulated recommendations were made for presentation to the Conference for adoption. A statement of policy was also prepared by each section.

Approximately 2,700 delegates attended the Conference. There were 1,747 representatives of fifty-three states and territories; 695 representatives of 308 national organizations; 150 advisory committee members; 111 consultants. The delegates represented a very good cross-section of American life. Throughout the Conference there was the fullest and most democratic airing of opinion. Secretary Fleming, in

referring to this, said: "This is America at its best."

Space allotted for this article does not allow for a detailed report on all the extensive recommendations of the Conference. A few statements selected from the vast number of recommendations, policy statements, and addresses given in plenary sessions may indicate the scope of the discussions and a few of the views with regard to how the problems of the aging may be met.

Health and Medical Benefits

The Conference approved tying health and medical benefits to Social Security. A minority report was included, however. This aspect of the care of the aged was perhaps the most hotly debated of all matters considered.

Rehabilitation

Rehabilitation was referred to as the greatest hope for those afflicted with, and disabled by, chronic and degenerative conditions until such time as specific means are found to prevent and cure them. It was stated that rehabilitation programs must be dynamic and total, designed to meet the physical, emotional, social, and vocational needs of the chronically ill and disabled. It was the opinion that vocational rehabilitation services throughout the Nation must be improved and expanded so that older disabled persons may maintain or regain their ability to work and secure suitable employment. It was also felt that qualified teachers must be provided and well-structured units concerned with the teaching or rehabilitation principles need to be established or expanded in schools of medicine,

dentistry, nursing, and departments of psychology, education, and other related disciplines, both on the graduate and undergraduate levels. Persons with practical knowledge were felt to be extremely useful in supplementing the services of professional workers in rehabilitation programs.

Age Retirement Programs

A flexible age retirement plan based on individual productive capacity was favored over the practice of industry with regard to following an arbitrary, compulsory retirement age for employees.

Voluntary Services

The life of the Senior Citizen as an individual or in the group is filled with opportunity for voluntary service to public and private projects and interests. In the general pattern of social change affecting the aging, voluntary services of all types assume increasing positions of importance.

The Family and the Aging

The maintenance of strong family ties is fundamental to the dignity of aging persons. Every effort should be made to strengthen and increase understanding among the generations and the development of a sense of responsibility on the part of all members of the family whether they are living together or not. "If grandparents, parents, and children knew their proper roles in the family — and kept them — there would be little need for the vast number of social programs that keep cropping up," a Philadelphia psychiatrist said.

Social Services

In planning for the aging, high priority should be given to services which will enable persons to continue to live in their own homes, or will make it possible for them to return to their families or to independent living when feasible. Communities should provide social services, such as home nursing, home-maker, and social welfare services.

Leisure Activities

"Intelligent attitudes toward the importance and values of meaningful leisure for enriched living at every age must be fostered, so that the aged who withdraw from the work force may retire to, not from, life."

The question has been asked as to what will be the outcome of this great Conference. Certainly, it

should have aroused the Nation to the seriousness of the problems of aging. It is hoped that it will be a launching platform for new, strengthened, and expanded programs. It defined new goals and made recommendations on how to attain them. It clarified majority opinion of the states on matters related to aging. It should serve as a basis for further study. It is hoped by those who were responsible for the conference that the specific recommendations made at the Conference will be put into action by the states, communities, the Federal Government, private organizations, and the older people themselves, all to the end that the ever-increasing number of our aging citizens may enjoy happy, productive lives as long as it is humanly possible for them to do so.

[President Spafford served as a member of the National Advisory Committee to the White House Conference on Aging. — Ed.]

Even in Silence

Mabel Law Atkinson

Loneliness is an old man alone—
 Long past fourscore, the venerable ancient
 Lived in the silence of solitude,
 Forty years of loneliness,
 Forty years since he had placed his Marie
 To rest beneath the great pine she loved,
 Under whose sheltering arms
 The two had often sat together
 In the quietude of companionship.
 Compassion stirred the apathetic embers of my heart:
 Kindled, I visited him.

"Lonely?" He echoed my question—
 His eyes lifted to mine were like April violets
 Beneath the blossom-white snow of his hair;
 And his voice held the lyrics of a little river
 Released from the boundaries of winter—
 "No, my dear, not lonely,
 For I companion with great men, kings and prophets—
 Today the psalmist David has comforted me."

Because of the Word

CHAPTER ONE

Hazel M. Thomson

THE brightness of the oaks and maples tried vainly to cheer Ruth Ann Barker as she completed her farm chores. Her eyes looked often toward Boston, a day's journey to the east, where living had become very gracious in the early eighteen hundreds. It vexed her that her father insisted on remaining in the Naumkeg Valley which was practically the same as living on the frontier.

There were no Indians, that was true, but the land itself had proved almost as hostile. The back-breaking work had taken its toll. Many times Ruth Ann had blamed it for her mother's early death.

"I know nothing but farming," her father always answered to her pleas. "I could not earn a living in Boston."

"We could get along. Uncle John would help us."

"I would not like to depend on John or anyone for help. I will help myself."

"I could work. I'm a good cook. Someone would let me help them as a domestic." But Ruth Ann knew his answers even before he spoke.

"When your mother and I came here from England, Ruth Ann, it was to get land of our own. My people had always lived on land owned by the Crown. Even if we had ever been able to, we could not buy it. Now, for the first time, I can till my own ground."

Ruth Ann had seen him so many

times sift the dirt through his fingers as if it were more precious than gold, then lift it to his nose and take a long breath.

"The city squeezes me in, Ruth. One day there, and I'm ready to come back where there is plenty of room and good fresh air."

Air! That there was. Even when filled with odors of the barnyard, there was plenty of air.

"The land, Ruth," her father would say, "it's in my blood to work the land. When you're born to the land, there's no trying to get away from it. It'll be there in you, too, once you get over this foolishness about the city."

Ruth must have heard this at least half a hundred times. Now, as he repeated it, her resentment grew.

"Give the pigs some extra corn these days," he said, the problem solved for him, getting back to the business at hand. "They're near ready for market. Want all the weight I can get on them."

Ruth Ann stripped the corn from the stalks angrily, feeling the sting on her hands where the sharp leaves cut the skin. She gathered an armful and tossed it toward the trough in the corner of the pen, letting it sink into the mire, not caring.

By that evening, Ruth Ann had made up her mind. Cousin Claire Mayhew had invited her to Boston for the beginning of the social season, and she was going. Her father

had urged her to accept when the invitation came. Ruth Ann knew he felt that she came back from a visit to Boston a little more contented, at least for a time. She did want to go, yet she hesitated leaving her father alone.

IT was Victor Hall's visit that had finally caused her to make up her mind. He had asked Ruth Ann, for the second time, to marry him. It wasn't that she didn't like Vic. She did, very much. Maybe she even loved him; yet his rough, broken fingernails, the callouses on his hands, and the prospect of facing life on land that he was just now clearing, was more than she could stand.

Preparing for bed, Ruth Ann kept reminding herself how nice it would be to go to a dance again with a partner in formal dress. Clothes meant so little to Vic. Buckskin or homespun, it didn't matter. Either was plenty good enough just so it wore well. Anyway, Vic would rather read than dance. He was like her father about his land and books. Ruth wondered which they enjoyed most.

Land means more to Vic than smooth hands, or clean clothes, or — yes, thought Ruth Ann, more than I do. Well, I am going to Boston. I'm not ready to start living in a cabin in the wilderness where the work is never done. It's never done here on our farm, where the land is all cleared and cultivated. I don't know what it would be like on his, with the land still covered with underbrush and trees, but I'm not too anxious to find out.

The next few days were busy ones for Ruth. She cleaned the little

house thoroughly and did much extra baking so the cupboard would be well-stocked, at least for the first part of her visit. Food didn't worry her father. A bowl of bread and milk suited him fine, day after day, for his evening meal.

Then there were her clothes to get ready. She knew they did not compare with Claire's, but her own dark beauty reflected back from the mirror was reassuring to her.

She had a bad moment the day before she left. She had fed the chickens and was returning to the house when she noticed her father coming across the field at full speed on a horse. As she watched, she realized the horse was out of control. She put her hand to her throat, stifling a scream as she watched him trying to pull the horse to a stop. He had been trying to break that colt all summer, and it had thrown him once. It jumped the creek at a gallop and temporarily broke its stride. Relieved, she watched him brought to a halt before the corral bars.

"Father!" she cried. "What a scare you gave me! Are you all right?"

"Of course, Daughter," he answered, sliding slowly from the horse's back and patting the heaving sides.

"Why don't you trade that wild thing off before you do get hurt? Maybe Vic could tame him."

"Vic would be only too glad of the chance. No, this is a real horse. Nobody is getting this horse away from me. He hardly bucks when I get on anymore. A big hawk flew up and scared him. That's all that was the matter this time."

She went back to the house, a

vague sense of uneasiness hanging over her, yet she well knew the futility of arguing with her father.

RUTH planned on leaving without seeing Vic again. When she answered the door that evening to find him there, looking tall and handsome and bronzed from his life in the outdoors, she almost weakened. There was a certain strength about Vic, and she found herself telling him of her concern for her father and the colt.

"Can't you do something, Vic? I almost hate to go, worrying about him riding that animal."

"I've already tried, Ruth Ann. I even offered to break the colt for him but he seems to think I am trying to get the horse for myself, and just want to train it to my liking. I will keep an eye on him every day for you."

"That's kind of you, Vic," answered Ruth. She felt uneasy, not wanting him to mention marriage tonight on the eve of her departure. Vic seemed to sense her mood, and spoke of other things until he arose to leave.

"How long will you be gone, Ruth?" he asked.

"A few weeks. I don't know exactly."

"I want to get some more land cleared and get some fall plowing done. I will not be writing, but I'll be waiting when you get back. Have a good time, Ruth."

He made no move to touch her. She watched as he placed his tall hat on his blond hair, bleached lighter by the sun, and stepped off the porch. He swung lightly to his saddle and was off at a gallop toward the one room he had built

where his land touched her father's on the west.

BOSTON was full of interesting people and things to do. Claire's gaiety was contagious, and the two spent wonderful days together.

Ruth found Claire's kind of life appealing. The two girls would sleep late and breakfast together. They had lunch wherever the hour or the mood caught them. Dinner in the evening was always a beautiful affair, with candlelight gleaming on china and silver. Ruth mentally compared it with supper in the kitchen at home and falling into bed, completely exhausted from the day's labor.

"You must come with me to the dressmaker's today, Ruth," announced Claire one morning. "The opening ball is next week, and just see these bolts of material Papa just brought from the ship that came in from England."

"Really, Claire, I can't have you giving me new clothes."

"But I insist. Besides, Papa says I must see that you have a new dress for the ball. I told him how difficult it is to get a new dress where you live, and he says I must urge you to take as many of mine home with you as you will."

Ruth Ann looked at the blue material that Claire had chosen. That would have been her first choice, but, of course, it was Claire's privilege to take the color she wanted.

"The red, I guess," said Ruth Ann.

"Good choice," said Claire, taking the bolt of material from the stack. "You'll be devastating in red, with your fair skin and dark hair."

Now let's be off to Mrs. Palfrey's and discuss styles and patterns."

Mrs. Palfrey ran a little dress-making establishment in the center of the city. Ruth was awed by the many beautiful dresses already in progress.

"I hope I can get them finished in time," Mrs. Palfrey said to Claire, "but it seems as if everyone in town wants a dress for this same occasion."

"I do hope she gets them done in time," said Claire on the way home. "Quinton will be back in town and I must look my best."

When they returned for fittings Ruth felt a little timid about wearing the red dress. Somehow it didn't seem like her — the image that she saw in the large oval-shaped mirror at Mrs. Palfrey's shop. She noticed Claire looking at her closely, but was unable to read the other's thoughts. Not until the day before the ball, when the dresses arrived, did she find out what was in Claire's mind.

"It is the red dress I should have," said Claire, looking at Ruth Ann, as she tried the dress on. "Oh, Ruth, it means so much to me to look just right for this ball. If I don't make an impression on Quinton soon I'm afraid I'm never going to."

"Both dresses are really yours," said Ruth. "You shall wear the one you choose."

"No, they are not," answered Claire. "Papa gave the one to you, just as he gave one to me. But I like yours the best. Would you mind awfully trading with me?"

"Of course not," said Ruth, inwardly happy at getting the one she would have chosen in the first place. After all, she told herself, if she

could help Claire in any way with this romance that meant so much to her, she was more than willing to do so.

Ruth was right in her choice of colors. When the night of the ball arrived she knew she had never looked better. The dress suited her exactly.

THE large ballroom in the south wing of Claire's home was shining from the lights of the crystal chandeliers and filled with people by the time Claire brought Quinton to introduce him to Ruth. One look at Claire's face, and Ruth knew at once who he was. His hair and eyes were as dark as her own, and he was easily the most handsome man she had ever seen. Almost unconsciously, she glanced at his well-manicured hand as he took her own. She flushed a deep red as he continued to hold her hand.

"So this is the country cousin."

"This is Ruth Ann, Quinton. She knows very few of the guests. Since I shall be busy much of the evening, you must take care of her."

"She will not have one lonely moment," asserted Quinton, taking Ruth's arm possessively. "Where shall we begin, at the punch bowl or on the dance floor?"

"I'll leave her in your hands, Quinton. I must get back to my guests." Claire smiled a brief smile and was gone.

Ruth loved to dance, and she found herself being led through the waltzes and quadrilles by an expert. She changed partners many times during the evening, but found herself looking forward to another and another dance with Quinton.

Ruth noticed the earnest conver-

sation between Quinton and Claire as they danced together. She thought they looked more like two people with a weighty problem to settle than a couple in love.

It was near midnight when Quinton returned to her side and suggested to Ruth that they have a drink. "I'll get some punch," he said, "and we can walk out on the terrace."

"I'm really not tired. I could dance and dance tonight," answered Ruth Ann.

His eyes caught hers and held them. She forced herself to look away. He guided her to the punch bowl and then toward the open French doors. Ruth Ann could feel Claire's eyes upon them.

"**C**OME," he said. "There's something magic about a harvest moon. Oh, I like any old moon, even right down to the last little sliver, but this one tonight is filling the world, just as my life has suddenly been filled."

"Mr. Palmer, you forget that we are friends of a few minutes, or at the most of an hour or two," said Ruth Ann, moving away from him and sipping the drink.

"Hours, minutes, or years," he answered, moving closer, "what do they matter? I needed only one glance to know what you are going to mean to me. You felt it, too. I saw it in your eyes. I'm not a stranger you met just tonight, am I? Am I?" He turned her face to meet his. "I think we've known each other always. We just need a little time to remember. Will you go with me, Ruth Ann, to the next ball on Friday night?"

"But Claire. . . ."

"Claire and I have been good friends for a long time. How good, I never really knew until she brought me you, tonight. She will probably welcome the chance to go dancing with someone else, just as I will. Say you will go, Ruth."

"I couldn't. After all, I am her guest. I can't walk off with her. . . ."

"Her what? We're friends and that's all. There is nothing serious between us. I have already told her that I was going to ask you."

Ruth Ann turned to see Claire standing in the light of the doorway. "It was warm inside," Ruth said apologetically, as she moved past Claire.

"Yes," said Claire, looking at her closely. "The guests are leaving. I thought you would want to bid them good night."

"You did me a real favor tonight, Claire, introducing me to this lovely lady. I've asked her to go with me Friday night to the Milverton ball."

"I will not be here," Ruth Ann spoke quickly. "You see, I must leave for home tomorrow."

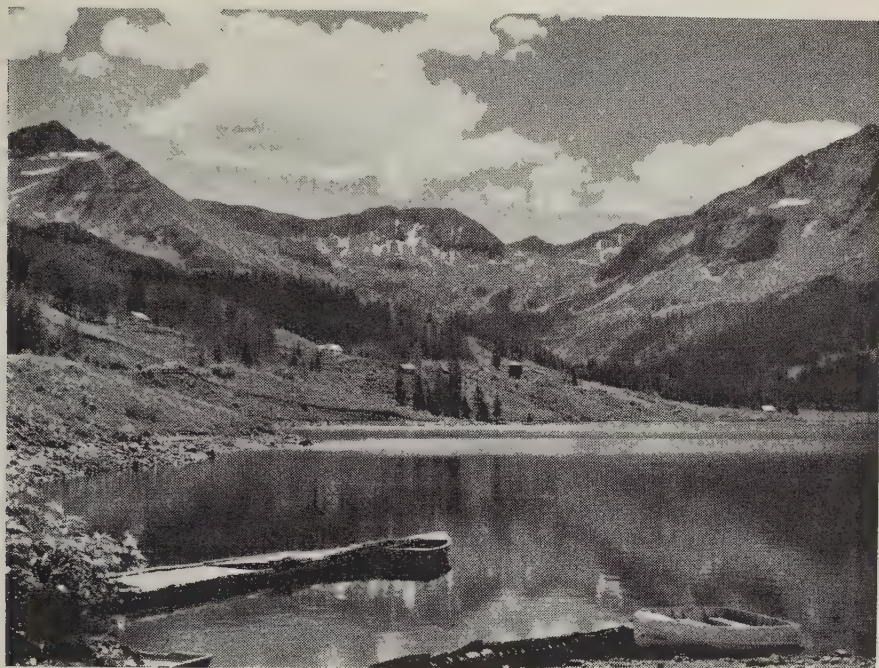
She took Claire's arm and they walked together to the guests who were putting on wraps as they prepared to leave. There was no chance for Quinton to say more until he bent low over Ruth's hand.

"I don't know where home is," he said softly, "but I'll find it."

"I'm sorry, Claire," Ruth said after the last of the guests had gone and they climbed the long stairway.

"It's all right, Ruth. I've loved him for so long, and yet, somehow, I have never quite trusted him. Even though I may regret it, I still love him."

(To be continued)



Don Knight

TROUT LAKE, COLORADO

Long Autumn Day

Linnie Fisher Robinson

Time is arrested this long autumn day
Among these hills where sunlight pours its gold,
Amid wide opulence of bush and tree
Whose leaves vie with the berries they enfold;
And pine cones drop, beneath each scented tree
On cushioned beds, the treasured summer wealth;
While I sit silently upon the stream's green bank,
Losing my vagrant heart to autumn stealth.

For I was hungry for this season's tide,
Forgotten beauty storms my heart anew—
This purple haze that drifts up mountain ledge
Wraps all in grandeur for my starving view—
A culmination of the pageant nature,
And I am fed and so restored to stature.

His Lasting Love

Frances C. Yost

MY young, newly acquired husband came into the house one midmorning and said, "Trena, get your coat and come with me to an auction out on the Ben Jones farm."

"But, Tom," I protested, "we can't afford to buy anything!"

"Doesn't cost anything to look. We won't be long."

Time was the only thing I had plenty of, as my Tom was in the field from early morning until late at night. "Well, I guess I can." I changed to a fresh house dress, combed my hair and put on lipstick.

"Better put a scarf on your hair," Tom said, as he helped me into my jacket.

I was from the city, and farm life seemed full of the unexpected. As we rode along, Tom was whistling "Springtime in the Rockies." Now that I was on my way, I wondered as to the logic of my coming.

"Tom, are you sure I won't be out of place? If it's an auction of farm machinery, it will be just for men."

"Everyone will be there. It's a good chance for you to get acquainted."

As we neared the Ben Jones farm where the auction was to take place, cars were parked closely on either side of the graveled road. People were milling over the ranch. The men congregated around the machinery to be sold in the barnyard, while the women waited on the grass in front of the little ranch house.

The men would gather in clusters

around a certain piece of machinery and silently speculate on its worth. Few comments were voiced, lest the machinery be skyrocketed in selling. The women near the house paid little attention to the household items to be sold. Some were busy watching toddlers and keeping them out of mischief, while they visited and waited for their men.

Tom introduced me to Hannah Higley, the first woman he saw. Then, leaving me with her, he joined the men out by the farm machinery. Hannah Higley's farm joined the Ben Jones place, she told me. We all went into the house and soon she seated herself in the center of the group on an upturned apple box. What was Hannah saying?

"You can see the house is log, couple of rooms is all. Ben Jones built this house more than sixty years ago for his bride. Ben was young then, about twenty. Did most of the work of building the house alone. It was a labor of love, you might say; but when it came to chinking up the logs, Mirenthia Copley insisted on helping. She was Ben's betrothed.

"Pretty as a picture, Mirenthia Copley was. But Ben never called her Mirenthia. He said it was too long and somehow never suited her. There's her picture. He kept it close to his side all these years. Ben Jones had lovely little nicknames for Mirenthia.

"Well, those two chinked up this little house together, and Mirenthia made the red-checked curtains for

the kitchen windows, and for the bedroom she crocheted lace ones, mind you. Imagine spending all that time on handmade curtains for an old log house!"

HANNAH Higley paused, then continued, "You can see the curtains still hanging at the window if you don't believe me. It's a wonder they still hang together. But, as I was saying, as soon as the house was ready for living, Ben and Mirenthia were married, and moved into their home.

"I can almost hear them talking over the breakfast table. Mirenthia probably said, 'Petunias are the loveliest little flowers, Ben. I wish you would build some window boxes and we could plant petunias.'

"And he would answer ever so sweetly, 'Guess that wouldn't be much trouble, Petty, you tell me how you want them, and I'll make them quick as scat.'"

A wave of interest swept through the crowd of women sitting on boxes and chairs.

"Well, Ben Jones made those window boxes, and, as you can see, they're still at the windows. Mirenthia planted and tended those petunias as if they were her own little children. All the good, left-over water from the house was poured lovingly over the flowers in the window boxes. Those two were as happy as any lovebirds you ever saw. In the summertime the flower boxes were outside, and in the winter those ever-thriving petunias laughed at the cold weather from the inside. Though, of course, I'm too young to have known Mirenthia personally, Ben Jones and his bride must have made the cutest couple.

But their happiness was not for long. Mirenthia developed some sort of sickness and died quite suddenly.

"From that day forward something died in Ben Jones. He lived within himself until folks said he was queer, but he lived to a ripe old age. When he died last week, he was past eighty. He had the finest machinery and the finest barns. He had electricity and a radio out in the barn where the cows were, but in the house, till the day he died, he used that coal-oil lamp there with the painted roses on it.

"Folks said that if he had married again he would have lived a normal life. Yes, old Ben Jones was strange, all right, there's no doubt about it." Hannah Higley spoke softly.

I had listened as attentively as the others to Hannah Higley's story, and somehow it seemed very sad. Perhaps it was because I was a little new bride myself. I walked into the bedroom. Yes, the lace curtains were hanging at the windows as Hannah had said.

Just then the auctioneer shouted, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" I walked outside again. By now the men had gathered in the yard, also. Among the crowd was a smartly dressed couple. I inquired who they were.

"Why that's Rutherford Jones and his wife Margo. They flew out from the East to dispose of his brother's property, take the proceeds, and return to their home as soon as possible," Hannah said.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will commence the auction with the household goods." He held up a

stack of dishes. "These are relics, if not antiques. Who will make a bid on them? Five . . . ten . . . twenty-five . . . a dollar . . . one twenty-five . . . once . . . twice . . . sold to the lady in the pink dress, for a dollar and a quarter."

"That's Florence Roswell," Hannah whispered to me. "She has a lot of children washing dishes. They won't last long at her place."

The auctioneer held up two old patchwork quilts "Do I hear a bid? Two dollars . . . three . . . four . . . Sold to the lady with the red umbrella, for four dollars for the pair!"

"That's Freda Bench," Hannah said. "You'll like her. She'll copy the pattern of those quilts and make new ones for the house and use those in the bunkhouse."

"Here's a sewing machine good as new. The deceased Mrs. Jones has been dead sixty years, and the machine has never been touched since. Of course it isn't an electric machine, it's a treadle, but in fine condition. This machine cost a hundred dollars, probably, when new. I'll let it go for five. I'll let it go for five. Who'll offer me five dollars?"

"I will." That timid little voice that had popped up was mine. I needed a sewing machine very much. I didn't mind having a treadle.

"Sold to the pretty lady with the flowered scarf on her head."

Everyone was looking at me now, and Tom was coming over to where

I was. He was digging in his pocket for the five-dollar bill. We had planned to stop at the grocery store on the way home. I probably had a good scolding coming. What would he say to me?

"You did all right, Trena." I looked up at Tom, and he was smiling proudly.

Someone murmured, "She'll get a lot of good out of that machine when she starts sewing for little ones."

I looked about and everyone was smiling approvingly at me. It was as if they were saying they admired my good judgment and thriftiness. I knew, then, that I had made friends with all the farm folks in the valley.

There weren't many more household goods. The coal-oil lamp, with the red roses, sold at a rather fancy antique price. A crocheted tablecloth, yellowed with age, a bed and dresser of solid oak, and a big wardrobe were all disposed of. Then the auctioneer motioned for the crowd to follow him to the barnyard, where the fine modern machinery would be auctioned.

I took Tom's arm and trailed along with them. If I was going to be a farmer's wife, I should learn all I could about machinery. But my mind was on Ben Jones, the owner of the farm. He had set such a fine example for all of us, with his lasting love.

Making Good Things Last

Lydia H. Fielding

WHEN I was a small child, store candy was a real treat. We children would anxiously await mother's return from her infrequent trips into town. We would rush out to the buggy and help carry the purchases into the house, peering cautiously for a certain little brown paper sack, but not until mother had removed her wraps and unpinned her hat did she bring forth from some mysterious corner the object for which we had been watching.

From it she took nice, long sticks of red and white striped peppermint candy or brownish sticks of hoarhound, or sometimes red, clove-flavored sticks. She gave us each one with the admonition, "Now don't eat it up in a hurry, and make it last, for, remember, when it is gone there will be no more."

Splendid advice! But, oh, it tasted so good that sometimes one of us would forget and eat ours hurriedly. Then we would enviously watch the others as they slowly nibbled or sucked theirs down to the last delicious morsel.

Years passed, and with them came a certain maturity that enabled us to realize that some things in life are more enjoyable if taken slowly, such as enjoying the beauties of nature, reading an inspiring poem, eating a delicious meal, cultivating a friendship, or absorbing a wonderful new idea.

But I am still a child when it comes to *The Relief Society Magazine*. As the first of the month draws near, I eagerly await the day the mail brings a certain little colorful *Magazine*. I settle myself comfortably on the couch and admire the artistic cover. Then I scan through its pages noting the titles of articles, stories, and lessons, and look at the pictures. I assure myself how very interesting it is going to be.

I declare I'll read it slowly this time, read a little each day and make it last longer. I will just read the poetry now, then go finish my morning work. (I always read the poetry first.) That done, I idly thumb through the pages again. The continued story catches my eye. I wonder what happens this time? The first thing I know I am reading at the end, "*To be continued.*"

This article by Sister Spafford looks timely. . . . This story surely must be interesting. . . . I wonder if there is anyone in this picture I know?

The clock strikes twelve! My goodness, it is time for lunch! Well, anyway, I have nearly finished the *Magazine*, and it was so very good, worthwhile, and interesting. Each number is better than the last, but, oh, I wish I had made it last longer. Now I must wait a whole month for more.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, August 1901

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

PRESIDENT SNOW'S ADDRESS TO RELIEF SOCIETY (given at Saltair, July 9, 1901); I will venture to say that the best wives and mothers and the most efficient housekeepers among us are members of the Relief Society, and I would advise the brethren to encourage their wives to join the society . . . for it would be a good thing to have the influence of this organization in every home. I ask you, my sisters, in your visits to the homes of the Latter-day Saints to carry this influence wherever you go. The Lord has clearly shown to you the nature of your relationship to Him and what is expected of you as wives and mothers. Teach these things to those whom you visit, especially to the young ladies. . . .

—President Lorenzo Snow

KANSAS RELIEF SOCIETY: Thursday, June 13, 1901 . . . the sisters of the Kansas City branch and Sister Levinia Preator, of Independence, Mo., met according to appointment by the mission presidency to organize a Relief Society. . . . President James G. Duffin spoke at length on the object of the meeting and briefly referred to the history of this important and beneficial organization. A number of the sisters present expressed themselves as being heartily in sympathy with the movement . . . of seeing a branch of the society in this section of the Lord's vineyard prosper and flourish. Sister Estella A. Milligan . . . was appointed as president . . . with Sister Kate Brown . . . and Louisa Preator as first and second counselors. . . .

—Estella Milligan

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY PARTY: Tuesday, July 30, 1901, a very pleasant lawn party was given on the beautiful grounds at the Cannon farm, by Gen. John Q. Cannon and wife for their daughter Louise, to about forty or fifty of her young friends. The place was prettily decorated in honor of the festive occasion, and Chinese lanterns hung from the balcony in the vines and among the trees gave the place a gala appearance. . . .

How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams,
Book of beginning, story without end,
Each maid a heroine and each man a friend.

—Editorial

THOUGHTS ON MISSIONARY WORK: President Lyman, late of the European Mission, has in all soberness declared "that the lady missionary is no longer an experiment, but an unqualified success." In the early dawn of the twentieth century this fact has been demonstrated to the world. What will the future unfold? . . . Broad avenues, today unexplored, will open for her earnest efforts to teach the principles of purity and truth. The new century, ablaze with light for all the world, will see her crowned, seated on the throne secured by her long devotion . . . by intellectual development, and heart and soul expansion. . . .

—Lydia D. Alder

PRESIDENT ZINA D. H. YOUNG: In a letter recently received from Canada we learn of the good health and enjoyment of our beloved President, Sister Zina D. H. Young, who is visiting there with her daughter and family, and we are sure all the Saints everywhere . . . wish her strength and vigor . . . to accomplish all her heart desires in the great mission to which she has been called and set apart. . . .

—News Note



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY accompanied her husband, President John F. Kennedy, on his diplomatic missions to confer with heads of state in Canada, Paris, and Vienna. Mark Drouin, Canadian Senate Speaker, said of Mrs. Kennedy, "... Her charm, beauty, vivacity, and grace of mind have captured our hearts." Her reception in France, in England, and in Vienna was equally enthusiastic.

Adrienne: *the Life of the Marquise de La Fayette*, by Andre Maurois (McGraw-Hill, New York) narrates many events not previously known in the life of this courageous woman who risked her life and endured many years of imprisonment for the sake of her husband, whose life was many times threatened during the French Revolution. Adrienne is described as a woman whose "flexibility and resilience, whose intelligence, tact, and unselfish commonsense made her 'the last resort' of her family."

AUGUSTA STEVENSON has written a delightful story of the life of Abraham Lincoln's mother titled *Nancy Hanks, Kentucky Girl*, published by Bobbs-Merrill, New York. Dying at thirty-five, when Abe was nine, she was thereafter known as "the Madonna of the backwoods."

KATHERINE WORSLEY, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, on June second, wed Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, cousin of Queen Elizabeth II, at historic York Minster Cathedral in York, England. Most of Europe's royalty attended, and it is estimated that twenty-five million European and British spectators watched the ceremony on television. It was the first royal wedding ceremony in the medieval cathedral since 1328.

MRS. MARIE A. STUMB, after an automobile accident ended her budding career in voice and ballet, turned to the business world for a new occupation. She is now among the nation's top ten women underwriting more than a million dollars worth of life insurance annually. She analyzes the business affairs of doctors, businessmen, and corporation executives, sometimes in the highest of income brackets, and gives expert advice. She is also a specialist on estate and tax matters.

ELIZABETH BENSON is Dean of Women at Gallaudet College, in Washington, D. C. This is the world's only college for the deaf. In June, it held its ninety-seventh commencement exercises.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48

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NO. 8

"Go to the House of Prayer . . . Upon My Holy Day"

AMONG the commandments given by our Heavenly Father to his children for their guidance is one requiring attendance at sacrament meeting. "And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day" (D & C 59:9).

Is there any true Latter-day Saint who would not like to keep himself more "unspotted from the world"? Is there any father and mother who would not like his or her sons and daughters to keep themselves "unspotted from the world"? Only the constant influence of the Spirit of the Lord keeps one from seeking only worldly goals, from accepting worldly standards of conduct, and from losing touch with the heavenly.

President Brigham Young has said regarding attendance at sacrament meeting:

I say to the brethren and sisters, in the name of the Lord, it is our duty and it is required of us, by our Father in Heaven, by the spirit of our religion, by our covenants with God and each other, that we observe the ordinances of the house of God, and especially on the Sabbath day, to attend to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 171).

When a prophet speaks "in the name of the Lord" he speaks with

the utmost solemnity and with the greatest authority. It is intended that the people hear and obey.

At another time he said: "Whether we are poor or rich, if we neglect our prayers and our sacrament meetings, we neglect the Spirit of the Lord, and a spirit of darkness comes over us" (*Ibid.*, page 170).

For those who seek joyous living, every effort must be made to avoid this spirit of darkness and to live constantly in the light of truth. How quickly the powers of darkness can cloud one's mind if allowed to do so, and how much more easily they can be restrained, if one is fortified with frequent experiences in renewing covenants and refilling one's spiritual reservoir.

One of the most sacred Christian ordinances, and as necessary to our salvation as any other ordinance, is partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Latter-day Saints are blessed with the opportunity of coming together, as a general rule, weekly for this purpose. By this act one bears witness to the Lord, his angels, and one's brethren and sisters, that he does remember the Savior's death for him and his gift of salvation and eternal life.

Thoughtful participation in this ordinance is a blessed reminder of one's covenants with the Heavenly Father, his promises to us — con-

tingent upon the keeping of his laws — and ours to him in virtuous living. We are admonished to impress the sacredness of this important ordinance upon our children, to remember the obligations to keep his commandments that we place upon ourselves as we voice our “amen” to the sacrament prayers.

Another blessing derived from attendance at sacrament meeting comes from the promise given by the Lord to his disciples as he taught them and answered their questions concerning the kingdom of heaven. He gave them the assurance of his being with them when they gathered together to learn and to teach the gospel. “For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them” (Mt. 18:20).

What great comfort and soul satisfaction comes from placing oneself in the situation described, “gathered together in my name.” Who can afford to lose this contact with the Spirit of the Lord? If Latter-day Saints would heed this promise and examine the assurance it gives, they could not stay away from sacrament meeting. They would attend with their families to be where he is.

There is just one way to test the

value of attendance at meetings and that is to attend them. If one has the true Sabbath attitude, he will respond to the testimony of the speakers, however humble, and his spiritual nature will be stirred. The edifying feeling of companionship with brothers and sisters, and in raising hearts and voices together in worship remains to affect activities during the week to follow. It enables a rededication to living righteously.

No one is entirely happy seeking these blessings alone. The spiritual experience of worshipping together as a family leaves a lasting impression upon each member. The true spirit of brotherhood is felt and cherished. At no time is there a greater feeling of being one with others as in this act of gathering together as commanded.

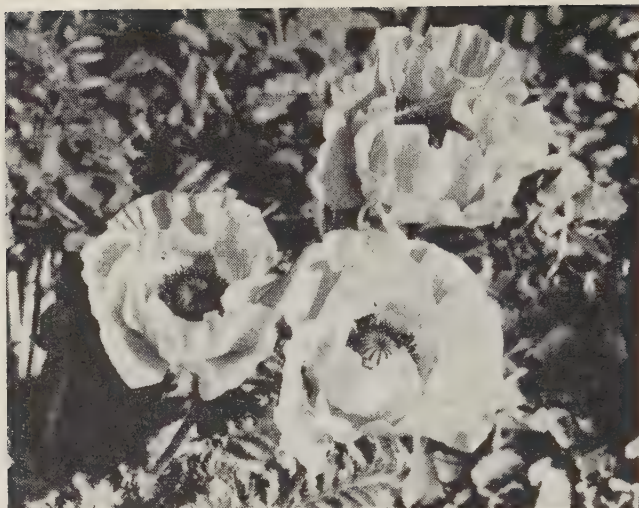
“The Lord is not pleased with people who know these things and do them not” (President Joseph F. Smith). No Latter-day Saint can plead ignorance of the commandment to attend sacrament meeting, as it is so frequently brought to their attention by the General Authorities. Let us heed the commandment, develop a beautiful Sabbath attitude, “be an example of the believers,” and “go to the house of prayer . . . upon my holy day.”

—L. W. M.

Down the Lanes of August

Mabel Jones Gabbott

The goldenrod is yellow as the sun high overhead,
And the apples in the orchard are turned a redder red,
The bees have drained the clover to fill their honey-trust,
And down the lanes of August boys go barefoot in the dust.
The corn is ripe for eating and the pumpkin's orange gold,
The best days are about us, with summer getting old.



Janet Knowles

ORIENTAL POPPIES

PERENNIALS are a triple asset to any garden, adding an air of permanence to the pattern, requiring less water than annuals, and providing cut flowers to glorify everyday living and special occasions. Except for irises, peonies, and spring-blooming bulbs very few perennials need to be planted in the fall. Especially is this true in areas where plants are obtainable from the nurseries safely started in various-sized containers. Severe weather and drouth in winter are great hazards to establishing root growth.

In planning the perennial garden, here are some pointers to successful results:

Be aware of quality — it takes no more care, water, or fertilizers to grow a high quality plant than it does to grow a nondescript one. Garden-club plant trading is a beautiful custom, if you really know what you are getting. But you have gained nothing and lost valuable time, if the plant turns out to be

so ordinary that you will replace it soon with a rarer variety. Most plants are sold and catalogued by individual names.

Peonies

It doesn't pay to plant a peony listed less than "9" quality. Among my favorites are: *LaCygne* (French for "The Swan") which, as its name implies, is a pure white, very firm and plump, with a faint aura of yellow at the heart when first open; *Teresa* is a pale pink equally firm and full, and *Mons. Jules Elie* and *Solange* are very satisfactory in the pink and white varieties. However, there are some lovely red peonies and some gorgeous single-blooming varieties which make excellent cut flowers and showy garden plants.

Irises

The varieties of irises are legion and new hybrids appear every year. If you wish to have the latest thing in irises, you pay high prices for new

Plotting Your Perennials

Eva Willes
Wangsgaard

varieties. But some of the earlier hybrids are so beautiful that I doubt if any others will ever excel them in any way but in novelty. For instance, the Mohr family hybrids — the “incomparable” *El Mohr*, a rose-violet bloom, very ruffled, grows on tall, firm stems; *William Mohr*, a paler flower, stands and falls ruffled lavender, with dark veinings, slender, but firm, stems and daintier, narrower foliage; *Ohr Mohr*, is similar to *El Mohr*, but dark purple in hue; *Lady Mohr* is beige; *Grace Mohr* is pink and less large and ruffled. Then there are the superb white varieties like *Snow Flurry* and *Iceland*. The golden ones are exquisite, *California Gold*, a prolific bloomer, *Treasure Island*, with a tongue of ivory running down the middle of each fall, and others equally attractive.

Delphiniums and Primroses

Delphiniums and primroses may be planted successfully in autumn, but in heavy, cold soils, spring planting is preferable.

Delphiniums are immensely tall plants, with long racemes of bloom, and so must be planned for back-row planting. Primroses are bedding and border plants, and the short, heavy-leaved varieties require much shade and plenty of water. They multiply rapidly and can be re-divided almost every spring.

Young seedlings of delphiniums and primroses are recommended because it takes a year or two for older clumps to get adjusted, and in the meantime blooms are inferior. Young seedlings will produce show specimens the first season under favorable circumstances and will

continue blooming grandly for several years. However, I have found both of these species to be susceptible to both red spiders and fungi. So I recommend a close watch and spraying at the first sign of yellowing, wilting, or dehydration.

Oriental Poppies

Oriental poppies may be planted in the autumn. These are obtainable in white, pink, salmon pink, flag red, raspberry red, and Ming orange. They are very deep rooters and seldom transplant well unless bought well-started in containers. They cannot be dug and divided as most perennials are handled. They are bought through a nurseryman or a catalogue and come to you as small sections of root. They may be grown successfully from seeds which are purchased from the same sources, but are, of course, a year later in producing.



Don Knight

SCROLL BORDERED IRIS



Ward Linton

TULIP GARDEN

Bulbs

Autumn is the time for bulbs — tulips in infinite variety, hyacinths, daffodils, narcissi, squills, snowdrops, crocuses, and all our old friends. But here are some rarer plantings you may enjoy.

Anemones—There are many different kinds of anemones varying greatly in appearance from the early spring, ground-hugging species, with their delicate rayed flowers, to the large-flowered florist types and the tall-blooming Japanese windflower. You will find these in bulb dealers' or perennial specialists' lists.

A. blanda astrocoerules (ingrami) is the deepest blue form of this dainty, yet beautifully hardy, Gre-

cian windflower which blooms in early spring when the first warmth of March or April sun caresses the ground above the bulbs. Small starry flowers, each made up of many rays of daisy-like petals, appear in quantity above the low, thrice-cut and pointed-leaved foliage which forms a lovely background for the brilliant blossoms which last for weeks. In early autumn set the tiny, fat, bulbous tubers two inches deep in humus-filled, yet gritty soil, in a choice section of the rock garden or border, where they will receive light shade in summer but plenty of sun in spring to open up the flowers.

Larger, later, and more showy anemones may be planted deep, six to eight inches apart, in sunny bor-

ders, but they will need winter mulch for protection. These resemble poppies in bloom.

Chionodoxa (glory-of-the-snow) bloom in great sheets of blue just as the snow is melting away. They are native to Asia Minor and so are quite hardy. A few hundred will give a good start, as they seed themselves readily, increase also from offshoots, choosing their own favorite spots and spreading rapidly. Set the small, pear-shaped bulbs three inches deep and one inch apart for early effectiveness, lovely "patches of sky."

C. luciliae is the usual form, with six to twelve flowers to a stem, four inches tall, with three or four broadly linear leaves appearing at the same time. There is a white form and a pink one and a slightly earlier blooming type, *C. sardensis*, with somewhat smaller, true gentian-blue flowers and a very small, scarcely noticeable, white center.



Don Knight

POETICA NARCISSUS



Don Knight

YELLOW NARCISSUS

Eranthis (winter aconites) will often pop their little golden, globular buds out of the ground before the snow is all gone, in February, or earlier in some sections and some seasons. If it turns cold again, they just seem to stand still until the next warm sunny day urges them forward. Even in very cold sections they will be up by mid-March, usually the earliest of the spring seekers. They team well with snowdrops. Actually, these relatives of the buttercups are perennials, with tuberous roots which put them in the bulbous category. They resent being out of the ground any length of time, so order early and plant them promptly on arrival. If the shriveled looking tiny tubers seem dry, cover them with moist sand or peat moss overnight to help them plump up, then plant them immediately. Set them two inches to three inches deep, three to four inches apart, in colonies, in loose,

friable soil containing some leaf mold to keep it slightly moist and cool.

IN plotting your perennials: First — be aware of quality as mentioned above, second — be aware of color.

Great orange poppies blooming beside rose-colored peonies detract from rather than add to the effect. On the other hand, regal lilies, purple clematis, and great white fringed Shasta daisies bloom simultaneously. Planted in such a way as to have the lilies bank the clematis on a fence, and the great white daisies repeating the white below, the arrangement is a soul-uplifting sight.

In a garden where perennial phlox, with their pastel loveliness of color, are the keynote, harsh reds and yellows are out of place. Pale ivory daisies, with marguerite-like foliage, minarda, with pastel maroons and purples, and lythrum, with its rich pinks, are lovely additions. And the many Shasta daisies in their purity of white are always good.

My phlox are planted between

two rows of peonies, and so add their color to the rich green of the foliage. They make enduring neighbors, since phlox want their roots shaded and peonies require plenty of sun.

Third — be aware of balance. Tall-growing, tall-blooming plants in the background, followed by medium tall, and fronted with low-growing, generous blooming petunias for ground cover make satisfactory borders. Then watch for symmetry from side to side.

Fourth—be aware of pattern. Plan your garden first roughly on graph paper, with a center of interest, simplicity of pattern, and avoid the clutter of extra circles and cut-outs. A few varieties well-planned produce a better effect than too much and too many. Be sure to leave unplanted and ready, the spaces where perennials needing spring planting can be placed quickly and easily, and you will need only to weed, water, and enjoy the rest of the season. The weeding is negligible if you uproot weeds consistently as soon as they appear. That way there is never any multiplication.

A Glimpse of Grace

Ethel Jacobson

Child, there is a world of wonder
 In your eyes,
 Of magic and of merriment,
 And grave surprise.
 Fathomless as the blue of calm
 And sunlit seas,
 Limpid as the arching heaven's
 Immensities.
 All the world's ills might heal with no more
 Than the grace
 Radiant in your gaze, and blossoming
 In your face.

Grant Them Hilltops

Pauline L. Jensen

THE wedding reception was over. The bride and the groom had departed amid a rain of rice, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic spoon-on-pan music from the small ones in the neighborhood. The thing that had been uppermost in our hearts and our minds for weeks was now over. The last guest had taken leave, and an unfamiliar stillness had settled down upon the house.

We, the parents of the bride, eased ourselves wearily into comfortable chairs, and looked around. The tables in the sunroom were heaped with gifts. From the end of one table, ribbons cascaded in bright streamers, waving fitfully as the slight breeze caught them. Silver pitchers gleamed brightly against the honey maple of the hutch. A candle flickered gently. Remnants of wedding cake spilled across the silver tray, and rice dotted the rugs. Chairs, awry, gave evidence of the confusion that now was ended.

There was the sound of muted thunder in the distance. The father of the bride slumped wearily in his chair, and a look of sadness settled over his kindly features. The years that had welded our lives together had also brought us the power to divine each other's thoughts. He's thinking, now she is gone. I felt a lump rise in my throat.

I thought of the years that this home had housed her physical presence, and how every word, thought, and plan had included her. In a few days the movers would come, and, within a matter of hours, the material things that bespoke her presence would be removed, and there would be little left that bore her imprint, but her picture on the wall, the memory of her gay laugh, and running footsteps on the stairs. The rest, her music, her books, her pictures, and the foolish little things, such as the china animal collection, and the furry cats upon her bed, would all be gone.

Suddenly, my thoughts turned backwards, through the many, but oh, so short years, and I saw the young edition of the father of the bride kneeling beside me, as we said our vows. I thought of all that had transpired within the years that followed. What devious ways had brought us to this hour. What joys and heartaches, what peace and turmoil we had met along the way. The valleys we had walked; the hilltops we had climbed together! And, I thought, with gratefulness, that the hilltops had outnumbered all the others.

Our daughter and her husband would walk that selfsame way. The roads would be a little different, but they, too, would have their valleys and their hilltops. They would have their sun and shadows; but they would walk, as we had done, the road together for eternity.

Involuntarily, the words came, from my heart. "Please grant, I pray, that in this marriage, too, the hilltops may outnumber all the others!"

Science and the Jelly Glass

Alice Morrey Bailey

LONG before Pasteur's experiments in the 1860's with his "soups" and his sterile bottles, housewives learned that fruits packed away in sugar, honey, or molasses would "keep." Some still living remember the pioneer treat of fishing in a crock for a "pickled peach" at the hungry end of a school day. As then, today's jams, jellies, preserves, conserves, and marmalades lend ruby, emerald, and amber brightness to every meal.

Housewives discovered that some fruits, more than others, have ability to "jell," and scientists tell us this is because of the varied pectin content. The making of jams and jellies, first an entirely home industry, moved into commercial production, where it gained the exact knowledge

of scientific research. This benefits rather than replaces home canning projects by furnishing such helps as prepared pectin and recipes with exact proportions and such careful directions that the most inexperienced cook can expertly prepare colorful and tasty home-cooked products.

The yield is more than twice as many glasses with the use of pectin, the fruits are less concentrated with sugar, and more fruit-flavored to most people. Lemon juice, suggested in most recipes using prepared pectin, cuts the too-sweet taste, prevents discoloring, and often complements the natural fruit flavor. No longer is jelly making an all-day task of stirring over a hot stove, but can be done in a few minutes.

BLACK CURRANT PRESERVES

Stem and wash 4 quarts fully ripe black currants. Add 1 cup water and simmer gently, covered, for 10 minutes. Measure:

5 c. fruit	1 pkg. or bottle prepared pectin
7 c. sugar (measured separately in dry dish)	

Combine fruit and pectin, stir well, measure sugar for use at the proper moment. Bring fruit-pectin mixture to boil over hottest fire available, stirring constantly. Add sugar and bring to full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil exactly 4 minutes. Remove from fire, stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes. Seal and cap in jars, cans, or jelly glasses.

Marmalade originally was made only of quince and sugar, more lately of citrus fruits. The term "marmalade" is sometimes improperly applied to non-citrus fruit jams.

ORANGE MARMALADE

6 medium-sized oranges (2 lbs. sliced)	½ c. lemon juice
6 c. water	1 package or bottle pectin
	9 ½ level c. sugar
	(measured ready for use)

Cut oranges in very thin wheels with very sharp knife or slicer. Discard large flat peel ends. Sliced fruit should weigh 2 pounds.

Combine sliced fruit, water, and lemon juice in 8-quart kettle and bring to quick boil. Boil gently for 1 hour (uncovered) or until tender. Measure cooked material, and add water if necessary to total exactly 7 level cups. Combine with pectin and bring to full boil, stirring constantly. Add sugar and stir gently until it has reached a full rolling boil. Boil exactly 4 minutes. Remove from fire. Skim and stir by turns for 5 minutes before sealing in jars or cans.

Conserve is a combination of 2 or more fruits and nuts.

APRICOT CONSERVE

1 large orange, ground fine
1 ¼ c. water
4 tbsp. lemon juice
6 ½ c. sieved apricots
with orange mixture

1 pkg. or bottle pectin
8 ½ level c. sugar
1 c. blanched almonds, skinned and ground
(Pits from the "sweet-pit" apricots, or walnuts may be substituted.)

Wash and pit apricots, crush thoroughly, and add the water. Simmer 15 minutes. Press through a coarse sieve. Simmer orange, 1 ¼ cups water, and lemon juice together 15 minutes, covered. Combine apricot and orange mixtures; measure 6 ½ cups of this combined mixture into a large sauce pan. Add pectin, nut meats, and stir well. Bring to a boil, add sugar, bring back to a full rolling boil. Boil hard 4 minutes. Watch carefully, as it burns easily. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Make jam the same way, except without the nut meats.

The imaginative housewife can find ingredients to fill her jelly glasses the year round because of modern methods of refrigerated transportation, canned fruits, some exotic fruits from distant lands, and frozen fruits which make out-of-season combinations possible. Try raspberries with crabapple. Besides a new taste treat, the jelly is assured a clear red color.

RASPBERRY AND CRABAPPLE JELLY

4 lbs. crabapples (fully ripe)
1 lb. red raspberries

3 c. water
1 pkg. or bottle pectin

Wash and remove blossom and stem ends from apples. Do not peel. Cut in small pieces; add 3 cups water and simmer 10 minutes. Simmer raspberries separately, if they are frozen and contain sugar; if not, combine with apples to simmer. Strain through cloth or jelly bag. Measure 4 level cups juice and add pectin. Bring to boil; add sugar (and raspberry juice if simmered separately), making 4 level cups juice, and bring rapidly to rolling boil. Boil exactly two minutes. Remove from fire, skim carefully, pour into glasses and seal.

Once in a season, to remind yourself how housewives have been aided by science, combine a picnic with a wild-berry gathering excursion for such fruits as elderberry or chokecherry from the mountains, huckleberry, or other available wild berries. This will be an enjoyable experience, unless you dwell on the fact that grandmother had to forage in this fashion for much of her fruit, and cook it without the aid of science.



Make a Play Pal

Shirley Thulin

WHEN the children troop off to school this fall, leaving some little one home alone, "Floppy Flossie" makes a wonderful playtime pal.

This lovable, button-eyed, long-legged doll can stand as tall as your own moppet, and provide hours of fun and companionship. She can exchange dresses with your own little girl.

One of the advantages of homemade toys, of course, is that you can pick your own fabric, trimmings, and stuffing, with washday uppermost in mind. The body may be stuffed with old rags or worn nylon stockings, or slips. Shredded foam rubber, which is also washable, could be used.

The fabric covering may be discarded sheeting or muslin. That mop of curls is just that . . . a floor mop picked up at the dime store.

"Flossie" takes about three hours to make, and costs the price of the mop. She goes in your automatic washer as easily as your daughter goes in a bathtub — perhaps easier.

Here's how to make her:

1. If you want the doll to be the same size as your child, stand the youngster up against a large sheet of white shelf paper or newspaper, tacked to the wall. Have the child hold out her arms from her body a little way, and stand with her legs slightly apart. Now trace around her. You could have her lie on the floor on the paper, if you desire. This will give you a general pattern. The legs and arms and head go on the doll separately, not all in one piece.

If you are making the doll for a grandchild and have no one handy to use for a pattern, you can just make a large rectangle and both legs and arms from straight tubular shapes. Use a plate or bowl which approximates the head size and draw a circle around it to make the head pattern.

2. Using the above pattern, cut one piece of material for front and one for the back of the doll, being sure to allow for deep seams.

3. Now sew up one side of the body, and part of the other side, leaving an opening just large enough to stuff. Sew legs and arms, leaving them open at the part to be joined to the body. Stuff them partly before attaching to the body, then stuff

solid and stitch in place. If you want to paint the features on the face with textile paints, do it before stuffing. Big button eyes are more appealing, however. Sew them on after stuffing. If you embroider the features on, be sure to use washable yarn. Buy a small mop and sew it on the head for hair. You can use yarn, but this takes quite a bit.

4. Dress the doll in one of your own child's discarded outfits, and don't overlook your small son! He would love a male version of "Flossie." Just dress the doll in his polo shirt and jeans, or in a pair of his pajamas.

6. To wash in an automatic machine, fold the doll and put her in a mesh laundry bag. Let it agitate for just a few minutes in rich, active suds. She can be dried in a dryer, or flopped over the clothesline.

The Glory of Light

Fredrika Clinch

IT was the evening of the 15th of March. I stood gazing at the mist that hung on the mountain peaks. I watched the sunset color spread throughout the sky. The storm clouds that had started to gather were full of color. The light gradually faded into darkness. The wind started to blow, and the trees trembled in the darkness and the lightning danced across the sky, followed by the sound of thunder. There came one loud clap of thunder and the rain poured. The howling wind screamed in the darkness to the tune of the rain that beat against the house. It seemed as if the world was made up of thunder, lightning, wind, and darkness.

To calm my nerves, I decided to read, and then the lights went out. Now I was in complete darkness without electricity to ease the darkness. Hearing the storm rage, fear moved in. I could not move freely in the house because I kept stumbling into things. I crept into bed, but couldn't sleep. I lay there tense, staring into the darkness. The longer I lay there the more fear crept in.

Then I remembered I had forgotten to pray. I got out of bed and knelt to pray. After praying for God to give me strength so I would no longer fear the storm, I quoted, "I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. . . ."

For a long time afterward it seemed as if the dark fury of the elements would never pass, but I had no fear. Then there came the calm. The wind subsided and the rain stopped, and there was a peaceful stillness. The blackness of the night started to fade into daylight. When I pulled up the shade, I saw the sky filled with delicate colors from the rising sun. The leaves that had whipped about in last night's storm rustled gently in the morning breeze. The birds were singing a welcome to the rising sun. I also rejoiced in the returning of the light and for a peaceful world after last night's storm.

I don't know how long I stood there, taking in the beauty and peace before I sank on my knees and bowed my head and thanked God for the wonderful day . . . "I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. . . ."



Julia Lottie Bach's Hobbies Are Decorative and useful

JULIA Lottie Brim Bach, Oakley, Idaho, makes quilts from her own designs and does the quilting herself. The patchwork quilt (at the left) is Mrs. Bach's original design and is called "The Sunburst." Another of her designs (not shown in the picture) is called "The Road to the World's Fair." One of her most unique pieces of handwork is a floral map of the United States (upper right). The map is made of satcen, and the flowers are embroidered in full color to represent each State of the Union. Mrs. Bach has made many decorative pillows, some of them in her own designs. Also, she makes braided and hooked rugs, crochets, and embroiders. She is a devoted student of the scriptures and commits many passages to memory. She has memorized many poems and readings, and has a rich and varied repertoire of recitations.

Mrs. Bach is mother to six, grandmother to six, and great-grandmother to twelve. She is active in the Church and attends Sunday School regularly and goes to Relief Society meetings whenever transportation is available for her attendance. She has a "large and lovely" circle of dear friends whom she remembers with gifts of handwork.

Love Is Enough

CHAPTER 8—(Conclusion)

Mabel Harmer

GENIEL made almost daily calls upon Miss Blayney while she was recovering from the fall. Together, they talked over plans for the library. The parlor was to be left just as it was, to be used for cultural meetings of any groups. The dining room, on the opposite side, would be the main checking out room of the library, with additional book-shelf space in the original library room of the house itself.

The school board had rented a truck to go over to Denver and pick up the books from Geniel's home. Also, they had an appropriate sign made to be placed above the front entrance.

"You have no idea what this will mean to the children of this town," Geniel remarked to Miss Blayney one afternoon. "Some of them are simply starved for good books."

"I think perhaps I do," she replied. "I used to read everything I could get my hands on when I was a child, and it wasn't very much. I always went through the school reader the first week I had it. Then I was bored for the rest of the term. I even read old almanacs."

Thank goodness, thought Geniel. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so sympathetic to this cause.

By the time she was completely well again, Miss Blayney had perfected her plans for moving to California. Geniel had rather hoped that she would leave before they took over the rooms for the library,

but that was asking too much. Miss Blayney had to oversee operations, help select a librarian, and preside over a formal opening.

The mothers of the PTA served punch and cookies, and it was a highly successful affair.

"I've never seen Miss Blayney quite so much in her element in all the years I've been here," observed Christine. "In fact, she was having such a good time that I shouldn't be surprised to see her stay on for good."

"She is keeping the upstairs rooms intact for her lifetime just in case she does get homesick and wants to return. We can't blame her for that. It's sometimes hard for older people to adjust to a new place and way of living," Geniel added.

Miss Blayney seemed to be very much afraid of just that but, after considerable hesitation, she finally departed for California to give the new life a try, at least.

"Spring was the wrong time for her to leave here," said Marva dubiously. "But she may just love it down there. We can hope so, at any rate."

"It really doesn't matter too much if she does come back," said Geniel. "We don't have any use for those upstairs rooms so far, anyway. And maybe she'd pay the heating and light bills if she was there."

"That's the girl!" cheered Marva. "If there isn't a silver lining, you grab some scraps and make one."

THEY were just sitting down to dinner when Johnny came bursting in without even waiting for anyone to answer his knock. He promptly pulled up a chair and joined them at the table. "Hi, Ellie!" he called. "Bring on an extra plate. This is practically your last chance to have me honor your board."

"Your money has come!" said Geniel, beaming. "Good for you!"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And now you are leaving for school," added Christine.

"No, Ma'am."

"You're not!" Marva practically shouted. "Why not? I thought that you had been waiting for this most of your short adult life."

"Take it easy, little one," he countered. "So I have. But something else has come up."

"There wasn't as much money in the estate as you had hoped?" Christine suggested quietly.

"Wrong. There was more. That's what makes the difference. If there had been just what we expected, it would have taken care of Mom and I would have been free to work my way in school. But there was more. So now there is enough for me to go on a mission first, before I get all tangled up in books."

"Oh, Johnny, how perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Marva. Then she paused for a moment and added seriously, "What a shame you aren't engaged! Look what an opportunity it would be for someone to write you a 'Dear John' letter."

"True," he agreed. "But, then, a fellow can't have everything."

"Where would you like to go?" asked Christine.

"To Japan and Tahiti and Finland."

"Come now, make up your mind," said Marva. "In your own words, a fellow can't have everything."

"Seriously, then, it doesn't matter much. I have a sort of yen to go to Denmark because my grandfather came from there. But, since I don't speak the language, that wouldn't make much difference."

"You'll do well anywhere you go," declared Geniel, "and we're all very happy for you."

"Thanks. I knew you would be."

"I know one thing," declared Marva. "This old town certainly won't be the same with you and Miss Blayney gone. I've a good notion to pull out myself. Maybe I could get a job up in Alaska. How about you, Geniel? The contracts will be coming out in a week or so."

"I haven't decided. It isn't a good idea to change too often, as you know. And I'd like to see the library get a good start."

"On the other hand, it isn't a good idea to stay too long either, as I have," said Christine. "It's so easy to get into a rut."

"But you've made such a nice rut," said Johnny. "I, for one, am glad that I had a chance to travel along with you in it."

"Thanks," smiled Christine, "that's one of the compensations — to see boys like you that are so full of mischief turn out to be the very foundations of society."

LATER that night, Geniel, thinking of Christine's words, remembered that the compensation of helping students make good hadn't been enough. That she had missed having boys of her own because the love that had been offered hadn't

seemed romantic enough at the time.

What about the teaching contracts that would be out soon? Should she stay here for another year — or would it be wiser to go back home again? On the whole, Geniel felt that she wanted to stay, either for the library or just because it was the thing she ought to do.

The long white envelope from the school board came a few days later, together with the weekly letters from home and from Ernest. She opened the home letter first. There was the usual chatty news, and she began to think with pleasure of the time, just a couple of months from now, when she would be sharing in their daily pleasures.

Ernest's letter had special news. "I have managed to raise the money for a second store out in one of the better suburb areas," he wrote. "It will be a struggle to keep up with it for the next few years, but with care and reasonable good luck, I am sure that I can make a go of it."

She put the letter down thoughtfully. It didn't take any second sight to read between the lines. For the next few years Ernest's plans would include nothing beyond paying for the store. After that — well, he was ambitious. He would start buying other stores. He really ought to have a heart to heart talk with Christine, she mused. She'd tell him that money wasn't everything. But he probably wouldn't believe her anyway.

She opened the letter from the board last and quickly signed the contract. It was no sudden notion brought on by Ernest's letter. She knew in her heart that she had in-

tended all the time to return to Blayney.

She answered the three in reverse. After addressing an envelope to the school board, she wrote a brief letter to Ernest congratulating him on his successful business venture. Last she wrote a long letter to the folks at home, giving them the intimate details of her own past week, as she had received theirs.

SHE was a little surprised at her lightness of heart. Within the past week she had lost two beaux — of a sort. At least she and Johnny had been very good friends. And she had to admit that the idea had occurred to her — in her subconsciousness at any rate — that she might have been willing to teach school and help him get a degree. He was such fun to be with.

Well, when he came back, some other girl could decide that. Two years wasn't a very long time. It would be much longer than that, she was rather sure, before Ernest would decide that he could afford to take on the responsibility of a family.

The next morning, Saturday, was a lovely spring day. Geniel awoke, feeling that it was wonderful merely to be alive. It was a day one should have spent working in the garden, clearing away the dead leaves to see green shoots pushing through, and violets here and there acclaiming the April day.

"Since I have no garden, I'll take a walk," she decided. Most certainly such a morning couldn't be wasted indoors. She would take her letters to the post office and, after that, go anywhere there was a path. Any path would be pleasant.

"Anybody for a walk?" she asked the other two girls. "I'm out to revel in the spring sunshine."

"Sorry, I have papers to correct," answered Christine. "You should have invited me before I made this assignment."

MARVA merely shrugged. "Who, me? I have washing, ironing, mending, and six other chores to do. On top of that, I have a new magazine to read."

"On top of that, you're just not the type fully to appreciate the beauties of a lovely spring day. All right, I'll go by myself," Geniel said.

She walked down to the post office and had started up another street, when a car drew up to the curb. "Are you going some place, lady, and could I give you a lift?" Her heart missed a couple of beats as she recognized Jeff's voice.

"To tell the truth," she answered in some confusion, "I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I am merely taking a springtime walk, so I hardly need a lift."

"It sounds lovely. Shall I get out and walk with you, or will you get in and ride with me?"

"Aren't you going any place, either?"

"By George, I guess I am, come to think of it. I have to go out to a ranch about five miles from here on a bit of business. You would sure be a big help if you could decide to come along."

Geniel laughed. "Why not? What I mostly craved anyway was to get outdoors. I suppose that I can see a lot more of it this way."

She stepped into the car and drew a deep breath. "Isn't it won-

derful just to smell spring? Is April always so lovely here?"

"I'm afraid not. And it's very deceptive. About every other year we can count on a blizzard — just about the time we have new lambs to worry about. We've been known to get a heavy snowfall in May."

Geniel shrugged. "That happens almost anywhere. You should see the beauties we get in Colorado sometimes. I've seen lilac bushes in full bloom almost bent to the ground under the snow. But that has nothing to do with today."

"You're entirely right," he agreed. "It's spring and April is bursting out all over."

People were working out in the fields and in the gardens as they drove along. Young colts frisked by the side of their mothers in the meadows. Dandelions lifted saffron velvet crowns along the side of the road. Not a hint of clouds dared invade the blue of this April day.

AS they turned up the lane to the Rebholtz ranch, Geniel's soaring spirits took a sudden drop. There were unpainted barns and sheds leaning against each other, as if making a feeble effort to remain standing at all. Pieces of discarded farm machinery were scattered here and there, and a flock of chickens wandered about the doorway.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Does the place have to look like this? I mean, is the owner ill, or something?"

Jeff shrugged. "No. Just a bit on the shiftless side. He's a good enough fellow."

He stopped the car and got out. "You might as well sit here and enjoy the scenery," he suggested

with a faint smile. "I may be only a few minutes."

He went into the house. Geniel was trying her best to ignore the scenery when three tow-headed youngsters came out of the barn. Each was carrying a very small lamb. They came over to the car and beamed at her.

"Hello," she smiled back at them. "Are those your lambs?"

They nodded. The eldest, a boy of about eight, said, "We have a calf, too. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, of course," answered Geniel quickly. As she followed the trio around the old barn and threaded her way through the debris of the yard, she was grateful that she had put on walking shoes. Otherwise, the calf would have had to be brought to her.

When they reached the pen, the three looked up at her for her approval. "It's a real darling," she agreed. "You're very lucky to have such a beautiful calf."

"We have some baby pigs, too," volunteered boy number two. "We can see them next."

"Thank you," she replied. "But I think that I ought to go back to the house. Mr. Burrows may have seen your father by now and be ready to leave."

Eight-year-old shook his head. "He can't. Dad's in town."

"Oh, that's too bad," she said. "But if your father isn't home I'm sure he'll be ready to leave."

"Dad had to take Jimmy in to the doctor," volunteered the littlest tow-head happily. "He was trying to ride Mexie and broke his arm."

Geniel went back as fast as she could find her way. Jeff was out

on the porch tinkering with the washing machine. Mrs. Rebholtz came to the door and was introduced.

"I was right in the middle of my washing," she explained, "and the machine broke. I have to finish my wash or the children won't have anything to wear to Sunday School tomorrow. Will you come in and sit down?"

Geniel was hesitating when Jeff said, "I think this will do now. We'll give it a try and be on our way." He turned on the power, and the machine hummed satisfactorily.

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed Mrs. Rebholtz. "The water would have been cold by the time Jim got back. Maybe you'd like to wait?"

"You're entirely welcome for the service. And we won't wait today. I'll try to drop by again."

Geniel turned to the children. "And thank you very much for showing me your calf."

"You could still see the pigs," suggested one boy hopefully.

For a moment Jeff looked at Geniel with a wicked gleam in his eyes. Then he said, "Some other time, boys. We're in a bit of a hurry now."

As they drove away, she said, "I expect that your business wasn't entirely to do with the broken machine?"

"No, not exactly," he answered with a short chuckle. "I came out to collect some money from the sale of a heifer. He asked me to come today. It's always like this. If it isn't a broken arm, it's a vital piece of machinery that has given up the ghost. So I might as well forget it. That's quite a picture of farm life

you get out there. I'm going to show you another one."

He drove off a side road and stopped at the bottom of a small cove. Before them was an orchard of plum trees in full bloom. Beyond were fields showing the first green tints of spring. At the crest of the hill red barns contrasted with a white farmhouse.

"I wanted you to see that the rural picture isn't always so dismal," said Jeff.

"Oh, but I know! I think that your place is lovely," she exclaimed.

"It isn't so bad," he agreed. "Of course, I don't happen to have a plum orchard in full bloom at the moment. But just remember this one sometime when you are married to your rich merchant."

"Oh, but I'm not going to marry him!"

"You're not?" His tone conveyed many emotions — surprise, joy, hope.

"No. You see, he isn't rich enough yet to satisfy his ambitions, and I guess that I just don't love him enough to wait until he is."

"Geniel!" His arm slipped around her shoulder. "Then, there is a chance for me?"

"Oh, yes!" There was a world of happiness in her answer.

His arms tightened. "You've seen some of the rugged angles of farm life. You know that there isn't always an orchard of plum trees. But I love you very much."

"And I love you very much," she replied, lifting her lips for his first kiss.

Yes, it was true there would be hard work and some loneliness and perhaps not a great deal of money. Perhaps, also, as Christine had said, "Love isn't everything." But this she knew for a surety, love is enough.

Handcart Boy

Hazel Loomis

He walked with morning in his eyes
As sprig-leaf green he came,
His lowly cart toward western skies
Turns golden with his name.

Man's will and faith, yet but a boy,
Eager as a bird in flight,
As sparrow wings with boundless joy,
Zion's dream, in him, rose bright.

How sure the tread his bare feet made —
So tender-young, so willow-light.
Taut muscles strained on uphill grade
As song healed pain at night.

Along the path, he walked I come
With thoughts to fill the bounds of day.
Press softly rose, bend low wild plum,
His handcart passed this way!

NOTES

FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society Handbook of Instructions.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Nora L. A. Lefrandt

HOLLAND STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

Front row, seated, left to right: Christine Bals, organist; Hendrina W. Sont, visiting teacher message leader; Eleonora van der Put, chorister.

Second row, kneeling, left to right: Wya Gaster, social science class leader; Fawn W. Volker, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society, a visitor.

Standing, left to right: Johanna S. Frolich, Work Director Counselor; Geertruida E. van Wisec, theology class leader; Louis F. C. Frolich, High Council Advisor; Counselor Louise W. Madsen of the General Board of Relief Society; Nora L. A. Lefrandt, President, Holland Stake Relief Society; Elizabeth B. Overduin, Education Counselor; Johanna van Leeuwen, Secretary-Treasurer; Wilhelmina T. Paay, work meeting leader; Johanna F. Verburg, literature class leader.

Sister Lefrandt reports: "Attending the first Relief Society Conference in the newly organized Holland Stake in the Hague was really an experience. We were so thankful to have help and instructions from Sister Louise W. Madsen, Second Counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society. Some sisters traveled hours and hours by train to attend this convention. It was an upbuilding and inspiring meeting and helped the sisters grow up in stake work and make them stake-minded. We are looking forward to the stake Relief Society Convention next year."



Photograph submitted by Leona Hansen

SAN JOAQUIN STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT
MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE IN STOCKTON,
CALIFORNIA, April 1961.

The chorister LaFrancis Carpenter is seated in the front row at the right (in dark dress).

The three sisters standing at the right, back of Sister Carpenter, are, left to right: Former President Wanda Stebbins and Counselors Frona Johnson and Leona Hansen.

Leona Hansen is the new president of San Joaquin Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Rose L. Moscon

TOOELE STAKE (UTAH), TOOELE VALLEY NURSING HOME RELIEF
SOCIETY ORGANIZED March 8, 1961

Front row, seated, left to right: Henrietta Neilson; Josephine Sagers; Bertha Perkins; Amelia Sadler; Myrtle Grantham; Katherine Knaus; Delis Peterson; Elizabeth Johnson; Emma Campbell, group leader; Emma Orchard; Isabelle DeLaMare; Mae Pitt.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nellie Gordon; Eliza Zentner, Tooee First Ward theology class leader; Christine Sorenson, Secretary and assistant group leader; Bernice Adamson, Tooee First Ward chorister; Katie Peterson, Secretary, Tooee First Ward Relief Society; Mary Young, First Counselor, Tooee First Ward Relief Society; Susie Grisell; Edith Kroff, President, Tooee First Ward Relief Society; Mable Miller; Muriel Bush, Second Counselor, Tooee First Ward Relief Society; Ruby Smith, Tooee Stake

Work Director Counselor; Rose Moscon, President, Tooele Stake Relief Society; Helen Dunlavy, Nursing Home employee; Dorothy Miles, Nursing Home employee.

Sister Moscon reports: "Organizing the Relief Society brings back to these sisters the things they valued and cherished in their lives before it became necessary for them to be placed in the Nursing Home. We felt the great joy of service, to give encouragement, to impart love, to build self-confidence, and to bring hope to their hearts. Above all, we need contact with these devoted members to stimulate courage, faith, and hope in us."



Photograph submitted by Edith K. Lyman

FLORIDA MISSION, LIVE OAK BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Organized January 15, 1961

Seated, left to right: Orene Mills, Second Counselor; Ruby Poole, President; Florence Milton, First Counselor; Elaine Mills, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mildred Voyles; Agnes Dickman; Charlotte Ammons; Lora Mae Dyal; Mildred Phillips.

Edith K. Lyman, President, Florida Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Relief Society was organized in the Live Oak Branch, Live Oak, Florida, on January 15, 1961. The first meeting was held at the home of Mattie Voyles, February 2, 1961, at which time the theology lesson was presented. There were ten sisters present. Since that time there has been attendance of almost one hundred per cent. There is one hundred per cent Magazine subscriptions. All the lessons are being presented each month in a very commendable manner. Work meetings are especially interesting, with all the sisters participating in handwork, making pillowcases, aprons, tea towels, and scarves. It is planned to sell these articles through local stores, the proceeds to be turned over to the building fund. The meetings are held in the homes of the branch members. The sisters of Live Oak love the Relief Society, and its organization has been instrumental in creating a unity in the branch never before felt. Mildred Phillips, with her husband W. Harry Phillips, of Portland Stake, has been laboring as a missionary in the Live Oak Branch since December 1, 1960."



Photograph submitted by Nell Marie Benson

PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), PALO ALTO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Front row, seated, left to right: Gwen Connell, present President; Leah Martin; Charlotte Hansen, appointed in 1924; Beulah Widstein; Myra Thulin.

Back row, standing, left to right: Opal Millar; Alice Allen; Mary Peery; Ruth Hales; Gussie Smith; Leila Gates; Vivian Anderson; Ivy Pearson.

Nell Marie Benson, President, Palo Alto Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Palo Alto Ward was organized in 1924 and has had thirteen ward presidents, all of them are still living and active in Relief Society and other Church organizations."



Photograph submitted by Gladys P. Wayment

NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH) CLOSING SOCIAL HONORS WARD OFFICERS AND CLASS LEADERS, May 27, 1961

Standing at the left, stake board members: Drusilla M. Lee, chorister; Evelyn J. Pedersen, social science class leader; Dorothy H. Holmes, Secretary-Treasurer; Nellie Opheikens, Magazine representative; Voletta B. Blanch, organist; Afton Qualls, visiting teacher message leader; Bertha M. Hadley, work meeting leader; Gladys H. Sorensen, First Counselor; Gladys P. Wayment, President; Inez C. Farr, Second Counselor.

Seated at the table at the left, left to right: Elda Thompson, wife of President Harold Thompson, First Counselor, North Weber Stake; Sister Smith; President Thomas O. Smith, North Weber Stake; Sister Walsh; Elder William M. Walsh of the General Church Welfare Office; President Maurice Berrett, Second Counselor, North Weber Stake; Sister Berrett.

Sister Wayment reports: "At the conclusion of the season we plan a special activity in the North Weber Stake Relief Society. Last year a visiting teacher con-

vention was held, and the film 'Unto the Least of These' was presented. Also, a very successful fashion show and handwork display ended our season's activities. This year the closing social on May 27, 1961, was in the form of a lovely luncheon honoring all the ward officers and class leaders in our stake. Elder Walsh of the General Church Welfare Office was the guest speaker. Sister Walsh accompanied him. The members of the stake presidency and their wives were also guests. The event was an enjoyable one for all who attended, and the inspirational message which Elder Walsh left with us ended our year on a happy note."



Photograph submitted by Emma A. Hanks

GULF STATES MISSION, ODESSA (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES POPPY QUILT AND PURSES, October 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Viola Lee; Karma Jordan; Alyne Fuller; Mary Jane Wilson and baby Dennis Wilson.

Second row, seated left to right: Marie Chesser; Avanelle Darrington; Virginia Wofford; Ola Mae Jones.

Standing at the right, left to right: Susie Stubbs; Ferne Bingham; Klovvia Crawford; Celestia Rees.

At the back, holding the quilt: Thed Huber, left, and Ginny Mize, right.

Emma A. Hanks, former President, Gulf States Mission Relief Society, reports: "A special project, started in March 1960, has been weaving and selling purses for funds for a new chapel in course of construction. From March 11, 1960 through December 1960, the sisters have made a profit of \$1690.20 from approximately 710 purses and flowers. From their 'poppy quilt,' aprons, and rummage sales, they raised another \$398.81, making over \$2,000 raised by the Relief Society sisters for the building fund."

Marie C. Richards is the new president of the Gulf States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Genieve M. James

WALNUT CREEK STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, May 1961

Front row, beginning with person on left of first seat, left to right: Nola Myrl Christensen, chorister; Elaine Jensen, First Counselor; Genieve M. James, President; Shirley Moore, organist.



Photograph submitted by Thelma B. Dansie

EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR MANY OCCASIONS

Chorister Bonnie Winterton (wearing print dress) stands seventh from the left in the front row, and organist Elizabeth T. Morgan stands eighth.

Thelma B. Dansie, President, East Mill Creek Relief Society, reports: "Each of our seven wards has a Singing Mothers chorus. The members are encouraged to compose music, as well as to perform. On April 16, 1961, they joined as a stake chorus and presented the music for the afternoon session of our stake quarterly conference, as they have at other times. They have also furnished special numbers for many other occasions, such as ward conferences, ward welfare and building banquets, special programs, and regular Relief Society meetings. The women appreciate these privileges to sing and feel it is a wonderful opportunity to develop their talents, as well as to perform a service."



Photograph submitted by Ida M. Sorensen

BRAZILIAN SOUTH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE, March 16-17, 1961

Representatives of branch Relief Societies which achieved one hundred per cent visiting teaching in January and February 1961 (the sisters are holding copies of the Relief Society publication of the Brazilian South Mission), left to right: Elacy Siqueira, Port Uniao; Herta Rau, Ipomeia; Leny Belanca, Porto Alegre Third Branch; Dirce Mulinar, Curitiba Second Branch; Mafalda Domaredzki, Curitiba First Branch; Yvonne Samways, Ponta Grossa; Aida Ebelt, Porto Alegre First Branch; Etelca Koch, Joinville Branch; Elida Cavalheiro, Porto Alegre Second Branch; Margarida Larsen, Londrina Branch.

Ida M. Sorensen, President, Brazilian South Mission Relief Society, reports: "We have just completed another annual Relief Society leadership conference, and we are bursting with pride and joy, as we reflect on the success of the event. Every branch Relief Society in the mission was represented, and more than sixty sisters participated.

"Departmental instructions were received, and special demonstrations were presented by outstanding teachers in the mission. Each branch sent samples of their finest handwork to be displayed in a special exposition, and these articles were sold at the close of the conference. Work meeting demonstrations included the making of artificial flowers, textile painting, a variety of practical plastic household items, patterns for stuffed toys, and especially interesting was a demonstration by Etelca Koch, of the Joinville Branch, who showed the sisters how to make German streudel.

"An hour of good music was enjoyed, directed by the music leader of the mission. The sisters were enthused and happy to learn 'A New Day Dawned,' which was translated into Portuguese. They were pleased with the lovely melody and the special message it carries to members of Relief Society.

"A special feature of the conference was an original play written by Aline Seigrist emphasizing the value of the visiting teacher program. Sister Siegrist was one of the first members of Relief Society in Brazil, and the play impressed everyone with the importance of this program.

"On the night of March 17th we celebrated the 119th Anniversary of Relief Society, with an appropriate program and entertainment. Many of the sisters had an opportunity to bear testimony of the value of Relief Society in their lives — and it was truly inspiring to note their progress during the past year and to hear them express their gratitude for membership in this great sisterhood."



LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 34 — The Mission to the "Shaking Quakers"

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 49)

For Tuesday, November 7, 1961

Objective: To learn some important truths as a guide against being deceived.

ONE of the most interesting revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants forms the basis for this lesson. Its interest lies primarily in the background out of which it was received by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Interest is not its only value, for it provides the Latter-day Saint with knowledge concerning (a) some teachings held by an unusual sect; (b) some very important doctrinal teachings which are fundamental in the fulness of the gospel; and (c) two prophecies which are in the process of fulfillment.

Leman Copley, Convert

In the Prophet Joseph Smith's journal, it is recorded that: "At about this time (March 1831) came Leman Copley, one of the sect called Shaking Quakers, and embraced the fulness of the everlasting Gospel, apparently honest-hearted, but still retaining the idea that the Shakers were right in some partic-

ulars of their faith. In order to have a more perfect understanding on the subject . . ." the Prophet inquired of the Lord and received this revelation. (See *D.H.C.* I:167.)

Ann Lee and the "Shakers' " Origin

To appreciate fully the teachings received in Section 49 of The Doctrine and Covenants, some knowledge of the origin and beliefs of the "Shakers," whose correct name was "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," is necessary.

At the beginning of the 18th century (1706), a group of religionists from France went to England and were known there as the French Prophets. James Wardley, a tailor, and his wife Jane, who were seceders from Quakerism came under their influence. In 1747 the Wardleys founded a society in Manchester and began to preach. They declared that Christ was soon to return to reign on the earth, and that he

would come in the form of a woman. The society increased in numbers although suffering much from persecution. One of their converts was Ann Lee. She was born February 29, 1736, the daughter of a blacksmith, and was married to a blacksmith at an early age. She gave birth to four children who died in infancy. In 1758 she was converted by Jane Wardley and also began to preach. Among her claimed revelations was one regarding the nature of God described in this manner: "The duality of Deity, God both Father and Mother; one in essence — one God, not two; but God who possesses two natures, the masculine and the feminine, each distinct in function yet one in being, co-equal in Deity." This belief is the basis for the later claim that Ann Lee became the incarnation of the Christ Spirit.

Because of persecution and lack of progress in making converts, Ann Lee and eight of her followers decided to go to America. Arriving there in 1774, they established themselves at Watervliet near Albany, New York. Ann Lee saw two other Shaker communities founded before her death in 1784. The period of greatest growth of this sect was between 1792 and 1835. At one time they numbered nearly 5,000. The sect no longer exists. (See Anna White and Leila S. Taylor, "Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message," *Encyclopedia Americana* (1949) Vol. 24, page 642.)

Gospel Doctrine Emphasized

Although Section 49 was given at the time for the principal benefit of the missionaries who were to labor with this people, the "Shakers," it should be kept in mind that this

revelation is just as important for us today as for the members of the Church in the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After the call of Sidney Rigdon, Parley P. Pratt, and Leman Copley to labor with this sect, the Lord declared that "I am God, and have sent mine Only Begotten Son into the world for the redemption of the world, and have decreed that he that receiveth him shall be saved, and he that receiveth him not shall be damned" (verse 5). Is it not required of all men that they should repent; otherwise, they shall be damned? Regardless of the group, it is the same message — acceptance of the Christ through the means appointed. But what is that way? Specifically directed to the "Shakers," the revelation stated that they were to have faith in Christ, repent of their sins, obtain a remission of sins by baptism, and then receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands (D & C 49:11-14).

The ordinances of water and spirit baptism, as taught in this revelation and by the apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2:37-38), were not practiced by the "Shakers." They did believe, however, that "every soul must work out its own salvation by practicing the self-denials of Jesus, aided by baptisms of the Holy Spirit of Christ, an influx of the saving power of the Divine Creator" (*Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message*, page 259). Water baptism to them was unnecessary as a means of salvation.

The manifestation of the Spirit upon them was claimed in their worship as they sang and danced (*Ibid.*, page 329).

This sect also claimed the gifts of

the Spirit. It is known as the modern parent of spiritualism, which received its impetus from the Fox Sisters near Rochester, New York, in the year 1844.

In order that none might be deceived into accepting self-claimed Christs or Messiahs, the Lord definitely makes known that his Only Begotten Son has come into the world, "And they have done unto the Son of Man even as they listed; and he has taken his power on the right hand of his glory, and now reigneth in the heavens, and will reign till he descends on the earth to put all enemies under his feet, which time is nigh at hand . . ." (Section 49:6).

In view of the claim that Ann Lee was the incarnation of Christ, there was to be a clear understanding on the part of everyone that the true Messiah was not on the earth at that time, but it was known that his coming was not far distant.

There have been many who have claimed that they are the Christ who has come the second time. Such claims are false, for the scriptures denote that the Savior's final coming will be attended by great disturbances of nature and the destruction of the wicked. (See D & C 101:23-24.) As indicated in Lesson 30 (*Relief Society Magazine*, March 1960), Jesus Christ will come to his saints first, then to the Jewish people assembled in the Holy Land, and, finally, to the world at large (Lesson 31, *Relief Society Magazine*, April 1960). Notice in this passage how specific the Lord is concerning the claims of the "Shaking Quakers" and also of those who profess themselves to be the Messiah:

And again, verily I say unto you, that the Son of Man cometh not in the form of a woman, neither of a man traveling on the earth (Section 49:22).

The Savior will not come to the earth traveling as a man, but he will come to the temples erected to receive him. This was prophesied by the Old Testament prophet Malachi, who predicted that in the last days the Lord "shall suddenly come to his temple." (See Malachi 3:1-3; also Lesson 8, *Relief Society Magazine*, February 1958, for further information.) Temples are houses of the Lord where holy ordinances are performed for the living and the dead and the presence of the Lord is felt by his Spirit (D & C 97:15-17). In addition, it is a place "for the most High to dwell therein" (D & C 124:27). In 1863, President Brigham Young voiced this thought:

. . . We build temples because there is not a house on the face of the whole earth that has been reared to God's name, which will in any wise compare with his character, and that he can consistently call his house. There are places on the earth where the Lord can come and dwell, if he pleases. They may be found on the tops of high mountains, or in some cavern or places where sinful man has never marked the soil with his polluted feet. He requires his servants to build Him a house that He can come to, and where He can make known His will (*Journal of Discourses*, 10:252).

Revelation 49 continues to explain that when the Christ comes in his second appearance to the world, the saints should look forth for the earth to tremble and the valleys to be exalted as the mountains are made low (D & C 49:23).

The second coming of Christ will usher in the millennium, a period of peace and righteousness when the

work of salvation for the living and the dead will be increased. The reign of Christ will then commence, and there shall be no laws in force except his laws, but, at the time of his coming, great changes will come to the earth in the establishing of paradisiacal conditions. (See Articles of Faith, number 10.) The millennium will not begin until the Savior comes to establish his government upon the earth. Implicit in the "Shaker" belief about Ann Lee was the idea that the millennium had begun.

Marriage Is Ordained of God

The "Shakers" maintained, theologically, that the highest type of Christian life was celibacy. All people will not live a life of continence, but, they claimed, "they that marry, or in any relation propagate the children of the world, serve the world, and therefore do not serve Christ; they bring forth the appropriate fruit of the world, and are therefore of the world, and abide in it. To the married, Ann Lee would plainly say: "You must forsake the marriage of the flesh or you cannot be married to the Lamb, or have any share in the resurrection of Christ, for those who are counted worthy to have any part in the resurrection of Christ neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like unto the angels" (White and Taylor, *Shakerism, Its Meaning and Message*, pp. 41-42).

On the contrary, it has been revealed to Latter-day Saints that marriage is a divinely established institution by which the faithful followers of the Christ will be enabled to receive eternal life. Anyone who teaches that a life of celibacy is in accordance with the Lord's will

stands condemned before him. Notice how explicit the latter-day revelation explains (1) that marriage is ordained of God; and (2) that it is the means by which the earth answers the purpose of its creation. (Read D & C 49:15-17.)

It is important to notice that this revelation confirms what was made known to Abraham and Moses relative to the plan of salvation. (See Abraham 3:22-28; Moses 4:1-4.) The pre-existent sons and daughters of God were to be given an opportunity for an earth-life in which they would be able to work out their salvation with the means provided by the Father. President Joseph Fielding Smith made this comment on these particular verses:

... The Lord informs us that this earth was designed, before its foundations were formed, for the abode of the spirits who kept their first estate, and all such must come here and receive their tabernacles of flesh and bones, and this is according to the number, or measure, of man according to his creation before the world was made. (Compare Deut. 32:8-9). It is the duty of mankind, in lawful and holy wedlock, to multiply according to the commandments given to Adam and Eve and later to Noah, until every spirit appointed to receive a body in this world has had that privilege. Those who teach celibacy and look upon marriage as sinful are in opposition to the word and commandment of the Lord. Such a doctrine is from an evil source and is intended to defeat the plan of redemption and the bringing into the world the spirits who kept their first estate. Satan, in every way that he can and with all his power, endeavors to defeat the work of the Lord. It is his purpose to destroy the souls of men and if he can prevent them from having bodies by teaching men and women that marriage is unrighteous and sinful, or that they should not after they are married bring children into the world, he thinks he will accomplish his purpose. All who hearken to these evil whisperings and practice this evil will stand

condemned before the throne of God (*Church History and Modern Revelation, Melchizedek Priesthood Quorum Study for the year 1947, Vol. I, pp. 209-210*).

Relative to the health of the "Shakers," a book published in 1859 is quoted by an encyclopedia as saying that they abstained from alcoholic liquors and tobacco, and that their diet did not include flesh-meat or fish (*Encyclopedia Americana, 1957 ed, Vol. 24, page 642*).

The Lord revealed that meat is good for man, and he that forbids to abstain from meats is not of God. (See D & C 49: 18-19.)

In a later revelation, it is made known that meat is to be used sparingly. (See *Ibid.*, 89:12-13.)

Although the Lord has provided the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and grains for the use of man (see Section 49:20), it is sinful for man to kill animals for the sake of killing: "And wo be unto man that sheddeth blood or that wasteth flesh and hath no need" (Section 49:21). A wise comment is found on this passage in the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*. (Read page 286.)

It is a grievous sin in the sight of God to kill merely for sport. Such a thing shows a weakness in the spiritual character of the individual. We cannot restore life when it is taken, and all creatures have the right to enjoy life and happiness on the earth where the Lord has placed them. Only for food, and then sparingly, should flesh be eaten, for all life is from God and is eternal (*Church History and Modern Revelation, Vol. I, page 210*).

Two Prophecies

In order that the "Shaking Quakers" might know what would occur on this continent before the Lord's second coming, these two prophecies were given:

But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose. Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together in the place which I have appointed (D & C 49:24-25).

Do these two predictions have value beyond their application to the "Shakers"? Decidedly so; for these prophecies demonstrate the prophetic powers of the Prophet Joseph Smith. (See *D & C Commentary, page 287*.)

Prophecies Fulfilled

Concerning the Indians flourishing and blossoming as the rose, we learn that by 1955, it was estimated that the number of Indians in North America was several times greater than in 1907. It should also be of interest to learn that the number of Indians living within the present confines of the United States at the beginning of the 15th century is estimated at 400,000. Because of disease and displacement this number was greatly decreased until the Indian was called the "Vanishing American." Since 1920, however, the Indians have increased in number until, today, there are more than it is estimated existed at the time of the discovery of America.

Rocky Mountain Prophecy

As early as 1830 the Lord indicated in a revelation that "Zion shall rejoice upon the hills and flourish" (D & C 35:24). This prediction is another reference to the saints residing in the Rocky Mountains. "And this was at a time when the Rocky Mountain region was almost unknown to the people in the Eastern States" (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary, page 189*).

Ten years passed away and the Lord inspired the Prophet Joseph Smith to speak more clearly about the future of the saints "upon the hills" and of their rejoicing "upon the mountains." On August 6, 1842, Joseph Smith wrote:

I prophesied that the Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and would be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, and some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains (*D.H.C.* V, page 85).

All of this prophecy has been fulfilled in the sufferings and tribulations of the saints, including the apostasies of those who could not endure to the end. Significant in the fulfillment of this prophecy is the fact that the saints have prospered and become a mighty people in the western part of the United States.

Truth Will Prevail

In closing this revelation, the missionaries are informed that if they will repent and labor diligently, they shall not be confounded, for the

Lord will be with them. (See *D & C* 49:26-28.) John Whitmer remarks upon this incident:

The above-named brethren went and proclaimed [the Gospel] according to the revelation given them, but the Shakers hearkened not to their words and received not the Gospel at that time, for they are bound in tradition and priestcraft; and thus they are led away with foolish and vain imaginations (John Whitmer's *History of the Church*, ms. page 20) (*D.H.C.* 1:169).

Because these "vain imaginations" were not true, they could not prevail. The prophecies contained in this revelation continue to be fulfilled and will prevail.

Questions for Discussion

1. Of what value can this lesson (Section 49) be to you?
2. Who was Leman Copley? Who was Ann Lee? What was the connection between these two persons and the "Shaking Quakers"?
3. What doctrine of the "Shaking Quakers" concerning Ann Lee is declared false by Section 49?
4. What does Section 49 teach regarding the earth and the purpose of marriage?
5. Two prophecies are made in Section 49. (a) What are the prophecies and their fulfillment? (b) What are the elements of the Rocky Mountain prophecy and its bearing upon Section 49?

Too Swift the Time

Pauline M. Bell

Night weighs my eyes; I cannot see the day.
Too swiftly did I walk my life away,
Doing a multitude of things so small.
I heard the Master's kindly, urgent call,
Calling me forth to do things greater far.
I know it now. Is it too late—too late?
Will light once more my dreary road unwind?
My soul can see, but oh, my eyes were blind.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 34 — "I Will Give Unto You a Pattern in All Things"
(D & C 52:14).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, November 7, 1961

Objective: To emphasize the fact that the Savior, through his life and through his gospel, has set the pattern for us to follow.

ONE of the beautiful characteristics of our Lord and Savior's gospel is that he requires nothing of us which he himself has not done. He has told us, "Behold I am the light; I have set an example for you" (3 Nephi 18:16). Throughout his ministry, he pleaded with his disciples and with us to "Come follow me."

Before he began preaching the gospel he was baptized "to fulfill all righteousness" (Mt. 3:15). He set the pattern in resisting temptation when he submitted himself to the sorest temptations in which Satan offered him food, great worldly power, and immense riches. To all of these the Savior's reply was, "Get thee hence, Satan" (Mt. 4:10).

During his ministry the Savior set the pattern in perfection, humility, love, faith, service, prayer, sacrifice, steadfastness, mercy, forgiveness, and all of the character traits which have come to be known as Christian virtues.

There are many beautiful passages in the scriptures in which these virtues are exemplified and taught; for example, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Mt. 5:48).

In respect to perfection, we can-

not hope to be as perfect in all things as our Father in heaven, yet, this ideal must be attainable, otherwise the Savior would not have so commanded us. We are approaching perfection as long as we are striving toward it. We can be perfect in many things in our lives, such as in fasting and in many other ways.

In respect to prayer the Savior set the pattern, "As I have prayed among you even so shall ye pray . . ." (3 Nephi 18:16). He instructed us to pray often and gave us the Lord's prayer as the ideal pattern.

On love, which was probably the central pattern of the Savior's life, he said to his apostles, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love" (John 15:9). The Lord said that our love should be all-comprehensive; not only should we love those who love us, but also we should love our enemies. (See Mt. 5:44.)

Every pattern of virtuous and purposeful living was exemplified and taught by the Savior. His gospel and the example he set have brought comfort and hope, strength and purpose to all who will accept and apply his teachings. The pattern he set has caused countless in-

dividuals to live more Christ-like lives. For example, the story is told of a Christian missionary who was working with the natives of Africa. He told them about Jesus Christ and of the life of love and service he lived here upon the earth. One of the natives said, "He is not dead. I know him well." The missionary could not convince the native that Christ had lived long ago. The native insisted that he was still living in a neighboring village. When the missionary made further inquiries he learned about a young man who had

dedicated his life to helping the natives. He was caring for the sick, helping those who were poor, and was demonstrating in practice the Savior's teachings.

What comfort and strength, assurance and conviction, the pattern—the Savior's gospel—provides for us. If we will come and follow him, our lives will be opened wide for service, accomplishment, and happiness. The Savior and his gospel have set the pattern. Come, let us follow him.

Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 2 — Just for Example

Elaine Anderson Cannon

For Tuesday, November 14, 1961

Objective: To show that the example of a considerate woman is reflected in the lives of her family.

"**HOMES,**" suggests President David O. McKay, "should be little outposts of heaven."

Seldom do we find homes of perfect peace in this life. However, by employing certain regulations and considerations, the friction natural when various personalities live closely under one roof can be considerably lessened. Through proper knowledge and usage of appropriate social graces, the whole experience of family life can be much more "heavenly."

In our moments of wildest imaginings it would be difficult to find anything heavenly about a disorderly laid table surrounded by family

members hunched over their plates, attacking the meal in complete disregard or consideration for each other.

Though the rules of etiquette, as such, may be relaxed in the informality of home, the spirit of good manners should not be, for here is the training ground, the practice court, for the game of life.

Women are the matriarchal spirits in the homes in which they live. The refining influence of a gentle, thoughtful woman can be easily recognized even on the most remote frontier, or under the most adverse circumstances. The opposite is equally true. Our homes will be

as lovely, our family as loving, as we care to put forth the effort to make them so.

Regardless of how relaxed the world may become with regard to certain basic behavior patterns, or in spite of the fact that neighbors may do things a bit differently, when it comes to true Christian living, we must teach our families to do that which is right, and considerate. We should remember that it isn't always possible or necessary to explain why to children, but simply to teach them to do things as part of their family pattern. "In our home this is how we do it."

The pattern of the patriarchal order in Latter-day Saint homes is observed when children are taught respect for parents, older people, and those in authority over them. It is urged that at mealtime the father or head of the house be the one who should call upon some member of the family to return thanks for the food.

A wise mother will plan the mealtime duties in such a way that she can be seated with the family, at least for a time, allowing husband or son to perform the important ritual of helping her to be seated. Such an example of helpfulness should be exhibited before the younger members of the family, not because mother *couldn't* sit down by herself, but because they love to honor her for being the lady that she is. It is more likely, then, that if the occasion arises, the missionary son will remember to assist the mission president's wife, or woman investigator to be seated if he has already seen and practiced this kind act at home with mother or sister. If this has not been the custom in

the home to this point, perhaps mother can get the co-operation of the father to set an example by talking to him privately.

Eating should be more than satisfying hunger. It should be an art, a refining, pleasant experience for all of the family. Stimulating conversation should be deliberately encouraged and unpleasant subjects or complaints should be consciously avoided. Table appointments, however simple, should be clean, orderly, and as attractive as possible. There are, of course, definite rules about which utensils to use with each type of food. Because these rules may vary from country to country, they should be studied by the sisters for proper usage in their locality.

However, the amenities of dining which hold true everywhere should be carefully observed by all, not because they are rules, but because they make dining a delightful experience for all.

1. Do not talk with food in the mouth.
2. Use the corner of the napkin (serviette) frequently to keep the mouth clean.
3. Do not eat with elbows on the table.
4. Take small bites, slowly, cutting them off the serving of the food as they are eaten.
5. Avoid offensive food noises, such as "slurping" soup.
6. Use a fork and not the fingers for as much of the food as possible, even fried chicken, fried shrimps, and French fried potatoes (chips).
7. Use only one hand at a time when eating "finger food."
8. Do not reach for food. If it is placed on the table, ask to have it passed.
9. If necessary to leave the table before the conclusion of the meal, excuse yourself to the host or hostess and express thanks for the lovely meal.
10. When you are a guest at a dinner, if a food is served to you which you do not enjoy, eat what you can and leave the

rest on the plate without explanation. If it is offered to you, it is always better to take a small helping and eat it to be polite to the hostess. If you cannot, simply say, "No, thank you."

Questions for Discussion

1. How can the idea of improved social graces be most effectively taught to one's family? Family Night? Suggestion boxes?

A "state of the family" message given each month by a different family member, perhaps?

2. What areas of social improvement and consideration can your families work on most profitably?

3. How can families be inspired to improve social graces, or their experiences extended to practice them — frequent guests for dinner (even a neighbor's child) and occasional excursions to dine out?

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 26 — John Greenleaf Whittier, Commoner (1807-1892)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Cohdes
Dryden Press, New York, pp. 400-413)

For Tuesday, November 21, 1961

Objective: To enter more fully into the nineteenth century by blending together Whittier's three voices, as a Reformer, Quaker, and a New Englander.

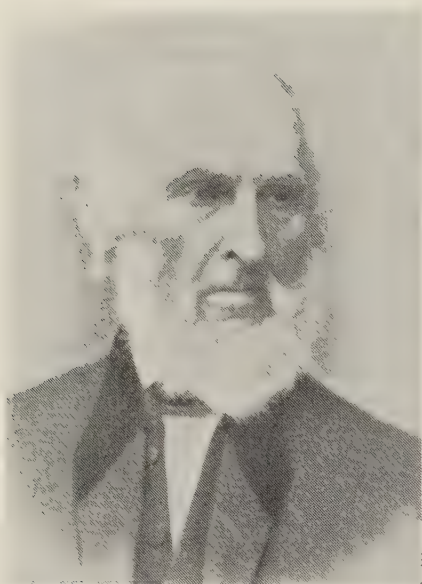
ALTHOUGH not one of the greatest American authors, Whittier, next to Longfellow, was the most popular nineteenth century poet, and today remains one of the most-quoted, best-loved spokesmen for the "Party of Security." (See Lesson 17, *Relief Society Magazine*, July 1960, page 485.) "Barefoot Boy," "School-days," "Maud Muller" and "Barbara Frietchie" lie almost as near the American collective heart and memory as do "America" and apple pie — and by most definers and defenders of the contemporary American conscience, they are held to be as old-fashioned, overly worn, and trite. But in this parallel praising and disparaging of Whittier by his modern American heirs, time has accentuated the differences. Whittier must always represent different things to different people. Somewhere between these extremes lies

the moderate course of approach and appreciation which, in our present study of Whittier, it may be well to follow.

For those who wish to learn more about the United States and the spirit of man, Whittier deserves a sympathetic reading and hearing. This study may best be achieved by attempting to become his contemporaries. And the best approach to such a view is to read representative poems from the three major phases of his life and works. But before we experience these contrasting voices of Whittier, we should first of all relate them to each other within the unifying frame of his life.

Whittier's Life-Pattern

Born in 1807, John Greenleaf was one of three children belonging to farming folk who, since 1647, had tilled the same family soil and had



A Perry Picture

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

never worked for anyone else or done anything else. Thus, in his origins as throughout his eighty-five years, he was both of the people as well as for them. Although turning the good family earth, milking, and chopping, and sowing and reaping were always tedious to the frail, spare young lad, nevertheless, from his farming as from his cobbling years, he absorbed the idiom and texture and belief of rural New England stock. His father, a Quaker, deeply read theologian and sternly religious man, allowed himself to be deprived of his son's labor for but two semesters while Greenleaf attended Haverhill Academy, where a perceptive teacher introduced him to the two most virile literary influences of his life: "Bobbie" Burns and John Milton.

Soon Greenleaf began writing all over his slate the dancing rhymes and rhythms which raced through

his mind, but though his classmates were amused, his father frowned his disapproval, since "Poetry will not bring him bread." Nevertheless, young John Greenleaf began publishing numerous poems in local newspapers and in periodicals edited by William Lloyd Garrison, who was the nucleus of the abolitionists. (See text, page 184.) In 1831, the year after Whittier's father died, Garrison founded the *Liberator*, the leading journal of radical abolition and reform for thirty-four years. He persuaded the promising young Greenleaf to forsake both political aspirations and his career as pioneer recorder of his beloved New England's legend and local color to give his life to the unselfish and unpopular moral idealisms of the abolitionist movement.

Newly disappointed in love, but spurred on by the fervent support of his mother and sister Elizabeth, who, to their deaths, believed both in the power of his talents and in the holy rightness of his cause, Whittier soon became the most militant and powerful literary advocate for the abolitionists in the Nation. Four times during the 1830's he was mobbed, once barely escaping with his life.

During the passing decades, this crusading Quaker gradually became more listened to than sneered at, and increasing numbers of wealthy and socially prominent women and men joined with the original laboring class founders in making the fight against slavery too large an issue to be ignored by either side. Yet, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, as the success of his intense crusade became more apparently inevitable, Whittier grad-

ually severed his ties with the movement. As an orthodox Quaker he had always opposed war and bloodshed, yet the great national carnage soon to follow ironically brought about the fulfillment of his abolitionist hopes. He wrote twenty-four poems and hymns on war themes, one of which was framed in thousands of northern homes as well as in the room where Lincoln's cabinet met.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was established in 1857, Whittier was invited to the original chartering dinner along with the great literary men of the day (whom he felt looked down on him because of his humble origin). For the next twelve years he was a principal *Atlantic* contributor of religious poems and those dealing with the happier aspects of the New England countryside. His fame increased gradually, but when "Snow-Bound" appeared in 1866, its immediate success netted him \$10,000 and, to his death, he remained widely read and well loved.

Never having married, Whittier retired to Haverhill, Amesbury, and, finally, to his lovely estate named Oak Knoll in Danvers, Massachusetts. All his adult life he had had severe chest and head pains which kept him from reading or writing for more than short intervals at a time and prevented him from attending almost all public gatherings. Yet he was never morose nor self-pitying, but, to the end, took pride in his dress and appearance, in his friends who came in droves to see him, and in the success of his writings, which he re-edited not long before his death. Scorched by early poverty, he lived frugally and wisely, leaving an estate of over \$125,000.

When he died, in 1892, he was buried at Amesbury, the sole survivor of his immediate family.

Whittier the Reformer

Bearer of Freedom's holy light,
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!
—"Democracy"

Thus Whittier defined Democracy which, coupled with his deep religious faith, provided the motivation for his lifelong crusades to improve humanity. Well aware of human frailty, he still believed that Democracy brings man nearer truth and justice than he can be otherwise, and also that "What avail great talents if they be not devoted to goodness?" Realizing from firsthand knowledge that "we should as soon expect to find piety in his Satanic Generalship as independence in a country newspaper Editor," he used the periodicals of abolition as mediums through which he attacked the evils of his day. Long before he met Garrison he was instrumental in forming a Temperance Society in Haverhill, and, in 1828, wrote "The Drunkard to His Bottle" for the *Haverhill Gazette*, the second periodical in the Nation to advocate total abstinence. He wrote fiery poems praising the great revolutionary heroes of the century wherever they arose: in Britain, France, Italy, Greece, Finland, and Brazil. Completely repudiating the pattern of the past, he believed in the destiny of his own young Nation, but when she invaded Mexico, he felt the French Reign of Terror no worse than "the slaughter of women and children in the bombardment of Vera Cruz."

One reason this earlier Whittier has been forgotten is that all, save his later poems, are too impassioned and controversial to be taught in public schools. For example, in such poems as "For Righteousness' Sake," he attacks both commercialism and "so-called" religion:

The age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;
Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.
—(Lines Inscribed to Friends Under Arrest
for Treason Against the Slave Power)

Likewise, in "Moloch in State Street" and "Official Piety," he indicts the pillars of society for using influence and piety as cloaks for theft, crime, and systematic exploitation of the lower classes.

But it was as a pioneer abolitionist that he found his true niche as crusading idealist. His fondest memories centered about his unselfish years of wielding his fiery pen that the Negro might be free. "I am a man and not a verse-maker," he wrote in 1883; he was more proud of having signed the first Declaration of Sentiments at the first convention of the Anti-Slavery Society than of any book he ever wrote. Despite his great personal sacrifice for "the cause" in years of underpaid overwork, loss of friends, literary career, and political future, he could still write as follows:

For myself Abolition has been its own
"exceeding great reward." It has repaid
every sacrifice of time, of money, of reputation,
of health, of ease, with the answer
of a good conscience, and the happiness
which grows out of benevolent exertions
for the welfare of others. It has led me

to examine myself. It has given me the
acquaintance of some of the noblest and
best of men and women. *It owes me
nothing.*

When, in later years, he was asked which one poem he would choose to be remembered by, he mused for a time, then answered, "The Reformer," too long to quote in entirety:

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path. . . .

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din. . . .

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad.—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still. . . .

Save possibly for Harriet Beecher Stowe, Whittier wielded as great an influence as any one person in preparing the United States for a war based on moral and religious issues. While this power is exemplified in part in the Garrison and Kansas poems in our text, others deserve mention, particularly "The Moral Warfare," written in 1838, "Massachusetts to Virginia," written in 1843, and "Laus Deo" (Praise Be to God), written in 1865 at the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.

"Laus Deo" and "Ichabod," two of Whittier's best poems, approach perfection as they express high moral indignation and serene spiritual peace in the idiom and imagery of

the Bible which Whittier knew and loved best of all American poets. Indeed, while their subject is still slavery, their treatment and tone tend to make them better examples of Whittier's religious poems, which we shall next consider. "Ichabod," meaning "inglorious," was penned in 1850. The majesty of this poem is never broken by vindictive thrust or rhetorical excess, but sustains both the dignity and awesome power of Whittier's moral intensity. (See "Ichabod," text, page 402, for this poem.)

Religious Poetry

Probably the dominant shaping force in Whittier's life and poetry was his Quakerism, with its concept of the Inner Light, or God's presence within each of us. He was throughout his life an orthodox Quaker, both in eighteenth-century dress and in belief. He felt that those who listened to "the melody of the mind — the music and the eloquence of thought" which came from God were blessed by him with the "calm beauty of an ordered life" and "the silence of eternity interpreted by love." Never strongly concerned with theology or sectarianism, Whittier spent his life attempting to bring to his fellow men his own sense of high human dignity and idealism which should predominate in all our relationships with the needy and helpless. He was taught at his mother's knee that

All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good.

Likewise, he believed that nature is visible proof of God's order and symmetry; that nature itself is a constant prayer to God, just as

through our own prayers and meditation we may always have access to his spirit. It is this inward spirit of peace which radiates from Whittier as he embodies his emotion and vision in his religious poems. The reading of the Bible was a constant practice in their Quaker home, and as a boy he could tell the story of each book in the Bible, and throughout his life, could quote a great part of it. Thus the Biblical influence is strong not only in "Laus Deo," but in many of his other poems.

In his speech and correspondence Whittier always used the pronoun *thee* rather than *you*; likewise, January was first-month as Sunday was first-day. Such unassuming Quaker simplicity seems as much a part of the essential Whittier as of the religious pattern which he accepted in complete peace and loyalty.

The Quaker form of worship becomes more understandable and beautiful after we read a few lines from his long poem "The Meeting," in which he explains to a visitor why worshipping in an unadorned, silent church is particularly satisfying to him:

God should be most where man is least:
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart; in one desire

The blending lines of prayer aspire;
 'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
 Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be' . . .
 So, to the calmly gathered thought
 The innermost of truth is taught,
 The mystery dimly understood,
 That love of God is love of good. . . .

Perhaps one of the loveliest hymns Whittier ever wrote is contained within "The Brewing of Soma" (text, page 413), written in 1872. In effortless simplicity his lines create without flaw a fitting container and communicant for the steady, large religious emotions of

humility, love, peace, and unselfishness which characterize both the Quaker Whittier and the age of belief and affirmation for which he wrote. (If time permits, read aloud the last six stanzas of "The Brewing of Soma").

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Do you feel Whittier to be a typical American writer of his day? In what ways?
2. Aside from content, do you feel Whittier's religious poems to be of better poetic quality than his abolitionist poems? Why so?

Visual Lesson Packet Available for Literature Course

Appropriate visual aids can be of great assistance to a class leader. If wisely used, they can enrich the lesson material by adding interest, strengthening a point, and clarifying an idea. They also can be used effectively in introducing or concluding a lesson.

A picture kit of carefully planned visual aids for the 1961-62 literature lessons may be obtained after September 1, from the Audio-Visual Aids Department, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, price \$3.85 (not obtainable from Relief Society General Board).

This packet contains an aid for each lesson of the year:

1. Large portraits (11"x14") of Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe.
2. Small oval portraits of these same writers for the literature map.
3. Illustration of characters in Hawthorne's *The Scarlett Letter*.
4. New England winter landscape for Whittier's "Snow-Bound."
5. Two outline maps to be used with the lesson on Longfellow.
6. A painting of the home of Edgar Allen Poe at Fordham, New York.

Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

THE EMINENCE OF WOMAN

Lesson 2 — Full Equality in the Gospel Plan

"Woman has been placed by the side of man — not behind him — not in front of him" (Elder John A. Widtsoe).

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

For Tuesday, November 28, 1961

Objective: To discover the true significance of unity in the marriage covenant.

FROM the review of the scriptures in Lesson 1, we have observed that in the plan of creation God gave to woman a place of exceptional eminence. The importance of the responsibility given her comple-

ments the assignment given to man. Together, and only together, can the full realization of the destiny of the human family be achieved.

Therefore, equality referred to in the above title has important implications and needs to be clearly defined. Equality means the character or condition of being equal. Equal is defined as exactly the same in measure, quantity, number, or degree. The definition in Webster's dictionary goes on to say: "like in value, quality, status or position; evenly balanced or proportioned; having competent power, abilities, or means."

Equal in Opportunities, Rights, and Privileges

1. Man Is the Head of the Family by Priesthood Designation.

In our previous discussion we found that God gave the Priesthood to Adam, thus designating him as his mouthpiece upon the earth. At the same time, Adam's companion, Eve, was designated as the mother of men. This set up a balance and a division of responsibility which provided a base for sound family organization. The Priesthood, operating on the principles of love and sympathetic understanding, has for its purpose the caring for the temporal, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of each member of the family. The mother, because of her strategic position, is the moving force in the accomplishment of this purpose.

Man has held the position of head of the family throughout the ages. Much of the time he has not justified this position in terms of respect, consideration, and appreciation for his companion and the children in his family. In fact, at times he has

exercised unrighteous dominion over them.

In the gospel plan the Priesthood bearer has the responsibility of being the head of the family. The blessings and respect that this position merits can be justified only as the man honors his Priesthood and recognizes the value and significance of his co-partner and of each member of his family by providing them with full opportunity for growth and development. This is the equality referred to; this is the blessing of the gospel plan.

2. Woman Has a Major Role in the Home.

In order for the man to realize full promise of success in his administration of the home, it is necessary to place a vital responsibility in the hands of his wife. She plays a major role in the home, having under her care and vigilance each member. While babies are not clay and cannot be molded as such, yet they are most susceptible to the stimulation they receive in association with others. Mother's constant contact in feeding, comforting, cleaning, training, and encouraging each youngster, places the mark of her influence and character upon the child throughout its life. This stimulation is not only on the physical level, but mental and spiritual stimulations come from every act, every decision, and almost every thought that takes place in the home.

The family's success necessitates team action, unity of purpose, and a full recognition of the value and quality of both mother and father. They can be equal in the influence they exert on their children, if they

recognize the importance of each other's position. The point to be noted is the evenly balanced status of father and mother.

3. Blessings of the Priesthood Are Joint Values

The equality referred to above has no thought of competitive position of mother and father, but rather an emphasis upon the effectiveness of their combined efforts. In everything they do there can be beneficial reflections to each other and to the family members. Where the man is effective in his calling in the Priesthood he brings into the home the light of revelation and inspiration for solving problems for individual members and for the family as a unit. This blessing is shared by the mother whose prime interest is the welfare of the children and the success of this joint venture with her husband.

Whatever is done by Priesthood authority in the home must reflect to the benefit and elevation of the father and mother. Dr. John A. Widtsoe makes the following observation:

Woman does not hold the Priesthood, but she is a partaker of the blessings of the Priesthood. That is, the man holds the Priesthood, performs the priestly duties of the Church, but his wife enjoys with him every other privilege derived from the possession of the Priesthood. This is made clear, as an example, in the Temple service of the Church. The ordinances of the Temple are distinctly of Priesthood character, yet women have access to all of them, and the highest blessings of the Temple are conferred only upon a man and his wife jointly (JOHN A. WIDTSOE, *Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, page 79).

In the function of his priestly office in the Church, in whatever

capacity, the wife enjoys the blessings of a successful partner in the work of the Lord. These blessings come to her from her help and encouragement given to her husband in the fulfillment of his responsibility. In failure or success she shares in his calling.

The work of the Priesthood is to overcome evil, stimulate righteousness, and establish the kingdom of God upon the earth. So in this basic unit, the family, they (the man and the woman) are developing a substantial element in the building of the kingdom.

Family Organization

1. Head of the House

The "head of the house," implies many responsibilities, among them the providing of the necessities of life, comforts, love and consideration, wisdom, counsel, and leadership.

Even with the finite mind of man, it is possible for us to observe the infinite wisdom of God in setting up the family pattern. The mother love is nearest to the love of God of any expression upon this earth. This was so designed to protect and secure the spirit children of our Father, for each one is precious in his sight. The true love of man for his wife should reach its greatest heights in the bearing of his children. His duty and expression of love come in providing security, protection, and freedom from fears for his family.

In the scriptures we read of the man caring for his flocks, fishing, and tilling the soil. This was true in Adam's time and throughout the testaments. In society, generally, it has been accepted that the man is

the provider. God made man physically strong so that he could earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In modern revelation, Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 83:2, 4:

Women have claim on their husbands for their maintenance, until their husbands are taken; and if they are not found transgressors they shall have fellowship in the church. . . . All children have claim upon their parents for their maintenance until they are of age.

Parents are not only responsible for providing "bread," but The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 68:25-28, tells us they must teach the children, before they arrive at eight years of age, to be able to understand the meaning of repentance, to have faith in Christ, and to know the purpose of baptism, or the sins of the children will be upon the heads of the parents.

The foundation of the Priesthood power or authority is love. Love demands thoughtful consideration of others, plus the responsibility for their well-being and individual expression. The head of the family, then, in our society, must be able to justify his calling in the Priesthood by his thoughtful and loving direction, and through counsel and patience with each member of the family. It is again repeated that his measure of success in his calling, both as a father and as an elder in Israel, is largely in the success he attains with the members of his own family.

2. Woman — Childbearer and Rearer of Children, Managing Director of the Household.

In some cultures of the world women have had to do heavy manual work. There are places where women feel that to be equal with

men they must participate in the full program of men's activity. In such a society the bearing of children is of secondary importance. As soon as the baby is born it is placed in a nursery where things are clean and free from destructive bacteria. Proper food, sunshine, and warm clothing are provided. The mother then is free to return to her industrial job; but the main ingredients for human development, character building, and the proper stimulation of personality are lost. That is, mother love and care are not present. No amount of technical equipment or trained skill can successfully substitute for the mother love which is not constantly present through the years of growing up.

Woman's great mission and responsibility have been and continue to be the bearing of children and providing the little bundles of possibilities with the continual care, training, and stimulation that only a mother's love can supply. It is true that mother has much to do physically in operating her home. But in making her home, there is a different relationship for her with her family, a different orientation than when working as a man's equal on the industrial production line.

The very nature of her physical make-up puts her in a different category than man. Her biological abilities to nurture and give birth to children, place her in a position of distinctive difference from, and yet dependence upon, her mate. This same ability gives her a unique position in the family. Yet neither the man nor the woman is complete without the other.

The mother becomes the managing director of the home, not by

inheritance nor by custom, but by sheer necessity. Rearing a family involves selection and preparation of food; the adequate care of the living quarters, and the direction and regulation of the goings and comings of the members in the household. Mother must administer wisely the income of the home to make it cover the daily expenses as well as provide a reserve to meet the inevitable emergencies. She is, in the truest sense, the managing director of the successful home.

3. Partnership

Once again we must repeat the important idea that the home and family are a joint venture. Neither father nor mother detracts from the importance of the other. They are not contesting nor vying for status higher than the other. They work together with talents, qualifications, and abilities that complement each other.

The Family, a Co-operative Enterprise

We have been emphasizing the fact that the family is the result of the united efforts of people who are equal in the sense of being "evenly balanced or proportioned; having competent powers, abilities or means." Surely the varied responsibilities of the father and mother evidence again the wisdom of God.

1. Co-Partners With God in Child Creation

There is a divinely ordained division of labor and responsibility in maintaining, stimulating, and protecting the family unit. God, himself, is a co-partner in the family unit in that he created the spirits of the children of men. He entrusted

them to the earthly parents for the growth and development of earth life. He wants these children back in his kingdom, to dwell in his presence. They are all precious in his sight. Therefore, he has given every assistance possible to set up an effective family unit, in order that each child may have the needed help for its development and direction back to his presence. In this arrangement the obligation and responsibility of father and mother never end, short of the accomplishment of the Lord's plan.

Summary

As a summary of the lessons on the "Eminence of Woman," may we point out that, like man, woman is a creation of God. She was given as a helpmate of man in a partnership responsibility for subduing and populating the earth. She is the mother of men; the mother of the human family. Only with her can man obtain the highest exaltation in the celestial kingdom. Truly, she is the leading lady in the drama of life. She holds equal responsibilities for the accomplishment of the purpose of life "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

Woman's eminence in the program of the Church cannot be questioned. She is not a silent partner, not a puppet, but an equal partner with equal responsibilities for the success of the program.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the difference between the terms equal and equality?
2. Does equality in marriage imply equal responsibilities for the success or failure of the marriage?
3. In what ways are the blessings of the Priesthood of joint value?

4. How can love, respect, honor, and obedience be given equally to father and mother by the children?

5. Is a home with children a sufficient challenge in achievement to justify the dedication of the mother's life to rearing her children? Give evidence to support your answer.

6. What evidence can you give of the importance of unity in the success of family life?

References: Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 83 and 68; *Priesthood and Church Government*, John A. Widtsoe, Chapter 7.

Conversion

Evelyn Darlington

They said that I might know as he,
When reading in the Holy Book,
He found the scripture in St. James —
If you lack wisdom, ask of God
In faith and prayer.

They said that I might know as he,
When on that still spring morn,
He sought the quiet grove to pray.
If there is aught that you would know,
Ask then of God in prayer.

They said that I might know as he,
When he beheld the light descend,
And spoke to God and to his Son —
If you lack wisdom, ask of God
In faith and prayer.

They said that I might know as he,
So in the quiet of my room
I knelt beside my bed to pray.
I felt another Presence there.

I felt his Spirit touch my soul.
And then I knew — I knew as he —
If there is ought that you would know
Ask then of God in prayer.

If you lack wisdom, ask of God
In faith and prayer.

Mountain Meditation

Vesta N. Fairbairn

All day, battalions of silent clouds
Across the smogless blue
Parade with silver banners flying,
To what far rendezvous?

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Christie Lund Coles

She came to the door just now,
Wide-eyed and eager; fair
As only a little girl
Can ever be; her hair

Color of sun, her eyes
Part of the flower-blue sky;
Her voice, tremulous, asking,
"Would you care . . . care to buy

A hollyhock doll I made?"
With reminiscent ache,
I saw the ruffled dress,
Like a doll I used to make.

I reached for the clothespin stem.
Beneath the pollened flower,
I saw myself a child, and more,
My daughter in a summer hour.

"Yes, yes. I will buy the doll."
She saw my tears, not guessing, I
Had been given more this summer day
Than a dozen coins could buy.

First Formal

Rose Thomas Graham

In silk as soft as owl wings,
This maiden, debonair,
Is waiting the approval
Of her dress, her shoes, her hair.

Grandpa beholds an angel,
Dad, a grown up lady doll.
"Just a baby," mother whispers,
As the bell rings down the hall,

Jack sees the fairy princess
He is taking to the ball.

"Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity"

Caroline Eyring Miner

I picked the last of the raspberries today, the last stragglers. They were slower than the others to ripen, but they didn't give up the good fight. They completed their task. These strays are riper and sweeter than the average; quality is often a result of struggle.

While weeding the garden, I noticed that weeds that have been broken off, thicken and become harder than ever. I was disgusted for they had to be cut off again, but they were really making the best of a bad deal for them.

With great difficulty, this year, I climbed Mount Timpanogos with the annual hikers. I was older and heavier than most, but, accepting my limitations, I made it to the top. Along the way I stopped frequently, but the rests gave me opportunity to enjoy the sights — the blue and pink flowers growing together and lining the blue stream of glacier water flowing down the canyon, the fading of the light, the gradual flushing of the eastern sky as the sun came up. I'm sure no one enjoyed more frequent drinks of good cold water dropping from the ledges in cascades along the way. I took some wonderful slides of columbines and wild roses that will delight me when I can no longer make it along the trail.

Morning Hour

Evelyn Fjeldsted

If we journeyed afar,
Where could we find
The ineffable peace
That so gently can bind
Life's injuries all,
As the still morning hour,
When hope is again,
A light in its tower?

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Tranquility

Marilyn Young

When in my solitude I find
The battle is hard fought
To oust from this finite mind
All earthly thoughts with worry fraught,
I turn to God with hopeful heart
And, oh, what tranquility fills my breast
As hurts and failures cease to smart
And I am given peace and rest.

Such peace as I am able to attain
With my own feeble stumblings here,
I would not, could not claim
Without his helping hand forever near.
He lifts me from the abysmal depth
To a place in this life's lease
Where loving and giving are my breath,
And at last within me flows eternal peace.

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Birthday Congratulations

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Henniker, New Hampshire

One Hundred

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Big Lake, Minnesota

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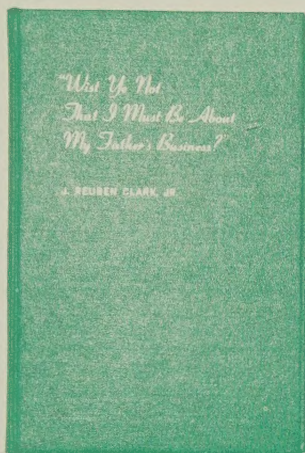
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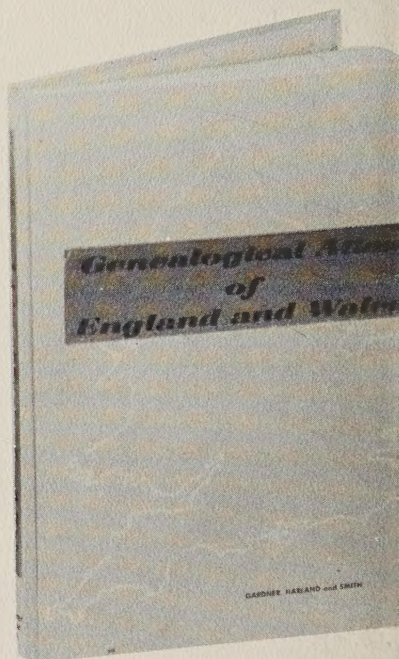


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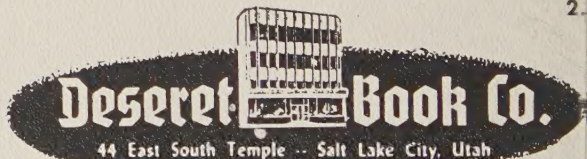
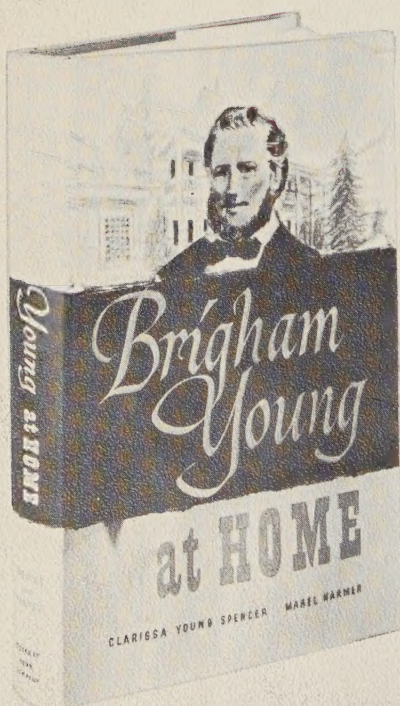
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